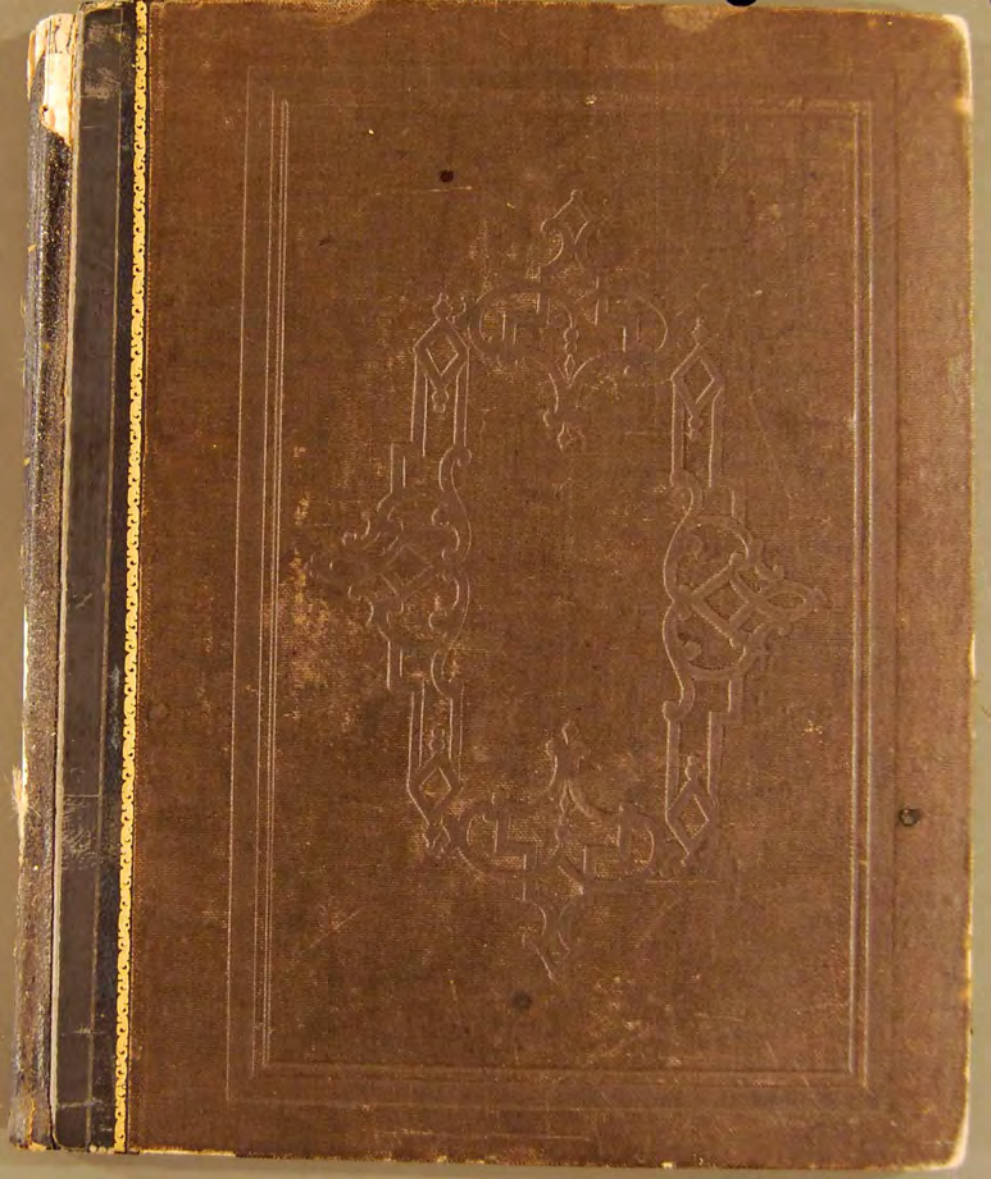


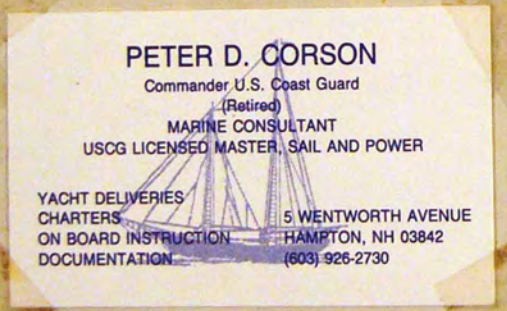
For Peter

A hand written diary of Civil War - found among Sidi things. A navy Dr. wrote it.

Salvatore Scerpa

A neighbor of Sidi turned the rest of it

Barbara



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YACHT DELIVERIES
CHARTERS
ON BOARD INSTRUCTION
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U. S. Bark "Fernandina" Jan. 23, 1862.

We are anchored in 7½ fathoms of water at New Inlet, N. C. The day most beautiful and summer like. And though it is today three months since I first reported for duty to Com. H. Paulding at the Navy Yard, N. Y. I commence to write a few notes upon the cruise of our bark; trusting to the Log Book for dates and places that may have escaped my memory. Such notes may afford some little amusement for myself or friends at home when peace shall have returned to our country. My miserable penmanship has thus far deterred me from writing a journal of our fortunes and misfortunes. It is easier to commence than to continue and complete such an undertaking — trifling though it may seem. I hope Government will not need our services long enough to allow me time to fill this small book with notes; but to subdue the greatest rebellion the world has ever seen is no small task.

Some time in September last I met Dr. Fox of the Naval Hospital Chelsea Mass. at the Mass. G. Hospital Boston. He told me there was a scarcity of surgeons in the Vol. Navy, and that I could secure the situation be filing some papers and making the application. He volunteered to write for me if I would leave my credentials with him. I gladly accepted his very kind offer and the application was made. Sept. 28th. I met him again and he told me that he had received notice that the communication was received by the Department, and that my appointment would be along soon. I made my visits very hastily and prepared to go home and see the folks and return on Monday the 31st Dr. Damon was very glad to get my Dispensary District, and I was equally well pleased to be relieved from it. I went home Sat. and returned Monday, expecting my appointment soon. I commenced reviewing my studies with the intention of passing examination for the "regular" Navy in case I did not get an appointment in the Vol. Navy. Thus in anxious suspense I waited and studied till 26th P.M. when I received my appointment. It was dated Oct. 21, 1861. But by a blunder of the Post Office clerks it was sent to the Navy Yard, Charlestown, where it lay for 2 or 3 days. I got it at evening Saturday night. On Monday I started for N.Y. via Fall River. I slept well on board the Metropolis, arriving in N.Y. in the morning. I proceeded to the Navy Yard and reported to Com. Paulding. I was ordered to report at the Lyceum every day till further ordered. In the afternoon I went to N.Y. and drew my Hospital allowance — $21.60 from the Navy agent. I secured board at 126 Sands St. Brooklyn with Mr. Shackerly. I spent my time till Nov. 8th in seeing what was to be seen in and out of the Navy yard. Nov. 7. I got orders to report to Acting Vol. Lieut. Geo W. Browne in Command of U.S. Bark "Fernandina". I reported to him on the next day. He endorsed my orders and told me to be aboard.

Browne Nov. 8 till Nov. 16, when we went in commission, I spent in "posting up" as to my duties and necessities; examining guns and ships &c. I made an application for more medicines than were allowed in the outfit. The Department referred the matter to Dr. Bache of the Laboratory, who said there was a disposition to "adhere to the outfit." I spent all of my travelling allowance and two months advance pay — $200. — in my outfit. My sword cost $21.50. Cap $2. Three suits of clothes, costing respectively $37, $18, $6½. My part of the ward room outfit was $72. Board at Mr. S's about $17. Flannels &c exhausted the rest of my money. Meantime I was introduced to Lieut. J. R. Dickinson, executive officer. Wm. D. Hempstead, Paymaster, Henry T. Heath, Master's Mate. Other officers I did not see till after the ship went in commission. The "Fernandina" formerly the "Florida" was brought over to the yard on the 7th of Nov. After which she received her battery, six 32 pounders of 42 hundred weight, and stores &c. She had been promised heavier guns as also a Parrott gun for the Forecastle deck. Her hull is 16½ inches, solid oak, in thickness. She is said to be about 2½ years old and was built in Philadelphia. I hoped to have a larger vessel, and thought I was sure of the Steamer DeSoto at one time. We went into commission on the sixteenth of Nov. As we received less than 24 hours notice of our going into commission, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Hempstead had not their uniforms on. Capt. Browne and the Dr. were the only ones fortunate enough to have their blue and bright on that occasion. I felt rather silly, strutting around for the first time in my life with a sword hung at my side. Capt. B. had some lady friends there. We received sixty five men from the receiving ship North Carolina. Capt. Almy came to put us in commission in place of Com.

Paulding. The muster roll was presented and Capt. A. said: "Capt. Brenne, your ship is in commission." Capt. B. attempted a short reply, but not succeeding very well, Capt. A. said: "Capt. B. can fight better than talk." So we were in commission. Mr. Steward, Russel D. Adams, was permitted to be off but I slept on board. The next day was Sunday. In the absence of officers the Dr. was requested to stand watch a part of the day. The cook brought up the men's dinner for me to taste and pronounce upon before it was dealt out. I then found out that such was the duty of the officer of the deck. The cook laughed himself and some of the old "man-of-wais-men" saw at once that I was green. I wanted to go and hear Beecher in the morning but could not; so I decided to go in the evening. In the evening I found he had changed with some one else and after waiting an hour went to the ship in disgust. On entering the yard the sentinal demanded the "pass word". I had not got it from the Capt. — he was absent — but the corporal let me in on finding out my name and name of the bark and that I knew what the pass word for the evening before. The weather was clear and cold. Every thing was new to me, and I had not shrewdness enough to conceal the fact. On Monday afternoon at 5 O'clock we were towed by a tug boat around to North River, opposite the battery. The men on board of the North Carolina manned her rigging and gave us three hearty cheers as we moved out the Navy yard. And Capt. B. ordered our men to return the compliment. There was one man sick already and I thought him playing sick at first. But he refused his food and grog. Upon closer examination I call it acute Bronchitis and decided — upon the request of the Capt — to send him to the Hospital. He had somewhat of the look of a Typhoid fever patient. There was so much noise on board I found it very difficult to make an examination.

I saw J. C. Robinson, another of the Masters Mates to day for the first time; and I think Edist Rhods also the other master mate.
Tuesday, Nov. 19. 1861. Acting Measter Samuel B. Clarke reported for duty today. "The" De Soto" steamed out of the harbour to day. I wished myself on board her. Wednesday Nov 20. Clear and cold weather. Boats sent to yard and to shore often for necessaries. Sent my sick patient, John Smith, to the hospital. A French Frigate came in and anchored above us in North river. She was a fine looking steam ship. Soon she fired a salute of 21 guns, which was answered by the battery on Freese's Island. We took more Ward Room stores. Nov. 21. Weather clear. Ther. 38°. Nov. 22. Ther. 53°. Clear weather. Another French Frigate came in and anchored near the other. Fires all put out and powder taken on board. The Bienville came from the yard and anchored off the battery. Acting Master John M. Skillings reported for duty to day.

Sat. Nov. 23. 1861. Rainy day. Steamer Bienville went away today. Many of the men are troubled with coughs and colds. Ship is washed down every morning early and remains wet for some time. I suggested postponing the holystoning and washing till a later hour when the decks would dry sooner. But learned that it was the custom to do such, cold or hot, early in the morning. The date of this conversation I have forgotten. We were delayed there much beyond our expection in consequence of a Mr. Harris, act. Master, failing to report in season; also we found a deficiency of clothing and other things.
Sunday Nov. 24, 1861. At a late hour last night I volunteered to act as Chaplain. Capt. Browne was glad of the suggestion, and said he once belonged to the church himself; but was now a backslider. In two hours I had roughed out a short appeal which was afterwards called a sermon. We had quarters this morning and I was

ready to read my essay, but we had no "Church."
A U.S. Sloop of war, Vandalia passed up to the Navy yard. Ther 36°
Clear weather.
Nov. 25th. Washing day for all hands. Clear weather. Ther 34°
26th. G.W. Adams fell from gallows upon the cross bar of the after hatch, injuring him so severely that I in great haste made out his Hospital ticket and sent him to the Hospital. I went to the Navy Yard for the last time till we should be in port again. Weather clear. Ther. 36°
Nov. 27. Pilot came on board, and we start for Sandy Hook at 8.30 A.M. This was all new to me, and I had many questions to ask. We passed Ft. Hamilton and Ft. Scott(?) at the Narrows. The weather fine, and we all seemed to enjoy it much. We came to anchor in 5 fath. of water, Sandy Hook bearing E. by S. 2 miles. All hands busy in getting ship ready for sea. Capt. Britain, the pilot remains on board all night. Men were stationed at their guns this afternoon. I gave up my bed to the Pilot and I slept on the floor. This is my first day out and I enjoy it.

Nov. 28. At. 5.30 A.M. weighed anchor and started for Hampton Roads. Direction South. Ther. 47°. Dist per log. 77 miles. Lat. observed 40°. Observations at noon. The pilot left at 7.20 A.M. in a Pilot Boat. Our course was S. & S by E &c. Cloudy weather a part of the time. Men at work on chafing gear. There was some seasickness seen today, I think I was sick. But am not sure whether I was sick on 28th or 29th.
29th Nov. It is now a month since I first reported to Comm. Paulding. I saw many new things during the time; and exposed my ignorance by asking many foolish questions. The day commenced with a strong wind. Soon there were squalls and the sea began to get rough. I was sick as a man who had taken a dose of Ipecac. and could not vomit enough to suit him. I thought I should throw up my toe nails. Capt. Brown, the Paymaster Mr. Hempstead and others were sick. So I was not alone. Capt. B. said the bark was a "lively little bitch". She took on water in great quantities, and leaked through the dead lights, bulls eyes &c. Dist. 143 m. Lat. 38. Long. 74. Course N. then SE &c.

Mrs. Dr. Boughter than yesterday. I found it difficult to hold on anywhere. If you have not got your "sea legs" yet Dr. was the remark often made to me. As for the poor landsmen of the crew, they were lying around on the berth deck which was floating knee in water almost. Water came in through the dead lights, down hatches &c. Distance per log is 91 miles, and this with storm sails mostly. The others were furled. Course S.S.E. at 4 Add. wore ship S.W.N.W. At 10 A.M. wore ship S.S.W. &c during the day. I kept my bed most of the time. At one time there was a cry "Boy's leg broke, Dr." I turned out, had him carried to the "sick bay." "Only out, Sir" said one. Thank fortune it was neither. I could not eat, yet they said I must eat Dr. They told me that it was "no touch" to what I should see, but I observed that when they spoke to each other they called a "gale." Weather was more mild at midnight — set No courses.

Dec 1. Sunday. I think this was the day I read an essay written on Sat. night — N.Y. harbour — not sure. The officers pointed me on the back and said "Good thing that, Dr." I was not so well pleased with it. Course W by S. & W. by N. At 9 A.M. sail seen, bound E. At 10 o'clock beat to quarters for exercise. Saw another sail — squared yards and stood away for her — but gave up the chase. We get disgusted with the sleepiness of our bark. Ther. 51°. Obs. Lat. 37°. Long. 73° Begin to get over my seasickness in some measure.

Dec. 2. E. & N. W. by N. & W. by N. &c We arrive at Hampton Roads and let go anchor at 12.30 P.M. At 7 A.M. spoke brig "Julia Parker" bound for N.Y. At 9.30 A.M. Smith's Island light bore W. by N. Several sails in sight. Steamer James Adger steamed up and anchored. We are under the guns of Ft. Monroe and the Flag ship "Minnesota." Com. Goldsborough

on one side is the James City Capes-
bay and is Sewells point. This is an
historic locality, and it gives me pleas-
ure to look around. The fort is more
extensive than I had imagined. We
went to quarters, after which Capt. B.
went on board the flag ship and Com.
G. scolded him for not coming immedi-
ately — five minutes were enough he said,
for B. to report in. He sent Capt. Black
to get his instructions from Com. Paulding.
He seems to be a gruff old fellow and
I should judge not much of a gentle-
man — especially toward volunteer
officers. Ther. 35°. Strong wind, Our
Bark rolls very much while the two
Frigates here are quite still. The Ro-
anoke hailed us as we passed her —
she had lowered away a boat & towed
us, but when we made our number,
249, the boat was recalled. As we
came by the stern of the flag ship
we were ordered to dis anchor and report.

Dec. 3. Ther 37°. Cloudy,
some rain. Capt. & I went on shore in
the evening afternoon and returned at
sundown. We got some letters, saw some
large guns &c. Capt. B. saw an acquaintance,
Quarter Master Noyes of N.Y. I went to a
store and bought a cap &c. We visited the
Floyd and Union guns on the shore by
the fort. The "Floyd" is 15 in and weighs
42.000 lbs — if my memory serves me — while
the "Union" gun — 12 in — rifled — loaded
and pointed on Sewells Point — weighs near
52.000 lbs. The "Floyd" is not mounted.
I took a specimen of the "sacred soil"
and enclosed some of it when I wrote
home. All hands were employed in
setting up rigging and fitting the ship
for sea.

Dec 4. Clear weather. Ther. 36°.
Capt. went on board the flag ship and on
shore. I do not remember what I was about

In the evening Lieut Dickinson, Purser Hempstead and I went on board the flag ship — I found the Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Dillard, pleasantly engaged in playing chess with the Chaplain. He seemed to be a very pleasant old man. He answered my queries and wished me success. He spoke of his faith in "his medicatrix naturae." He said he had many requisitions for medicines that he thought unnecessary. We naturally compared our little bark with the Frigate. Perhaps we take as much comfort here as we should there.

Dec. 5. Leave Hampton Roads for Wilmington N. C. & report to Capt. Edison of the Steamer "Mt. Vernon." Com. Goldsborough orders us off early in the morning at 8 A. M. he sent another order & "proceed at once to sea". We had a fine day for a start. At noon Cape Henry bore S. W. by W. dist 3 miles. We heard firing in the direction of Newport News. At 5 P. M. fell in with a large ship that refused to show colors. Fired a gun and brought him to. He proved to be from Bremen, last from Liverpool & Baltimore. His colors went up very quick when he heard the gun. Poor fellow he need not have been so frightened if he had shown his colors. Exercised at the guns today. Charles Burton, seaman has "phlegmasia dolens" in right leg. He is likewise Scrofulous. On sick list. C. S. C. S. & E. by L. Fine evening.

Dec. 6 Wed.

Fine day — gentle wind forenoon — died away & a calm at night. Saw a sail at 11 A. M. fired a gun at 4 P. M. and brought her to, Dickinson and the purser with 6 men in the 2d Cutter boarded her and found her to be sch. Pearl from Baltimore to Port au Prince. She took us for "privateers" and was much frightened. "There is a great dread of Privateers these times". C. E. by L. S. E. by N.

17

Dec. 7. Course S. & W.; S.W. by W. &c. Ther 65° & 72°. Chased a schooner nearly all day — gave up the chase. Saw a steamer & sail having a great number of men on board — probably going to Port Royal. Not much wind. Lat. 36° Long. 74°. Dist by log 87 miles. Pleasant weather.

Dec. 8. 1861.

Sunday. Course S.W. Dist. 75 m. Lat 36° Long. 74°. Ther. 67°. Good weather. At light one ship and 3 schooners in site. Stood away & spoke them and at 7.45 spoke Brig "Lime" from N.S. found all right; though she showed no colors. She was boarded by Mr. Dickenson & the Purser, Mr. Hempstead. Soon there were 10 sail in sight, and we wished for a steamer, for we thought some of them might be prizes, but the fact was we were in the road from N.Y. and other northern ports to the west Indies. The gulf water was dark and warm. I used to sit upon the roof and enjoy the sight of waves, sails, porpoises & sharks. At 9.50 we brought to the Brig J. W. Allen, from Portorico & N.Y. by firing a gun. I was not a little amused to see how quickly they put up colors when compelled to do so. We spoke several vessels during the day, all of which served to give excitement. What the church exercise was I do not remember. Log says we were at quarters at 4 P.M.

Dec. 9. 6. A. M. Dist. 96. Lat 75 Long 35 Air 70° Water 74°. Most of this day we spend in gun exercise and pulling oars. There 38 landsmen in the crew, besides some of the ordinary seamen and able seamen are not better than landsmen and the officers get out of patience with them. There are some fine men among them. At Midnight spoke the Messenger from Rochelle from France to N.Y. The night was bright and clear. I see nothing on the log worth copying.

Dec. 10. C. W. by S. Dist 148 m. Lat. 34½° Long. 75½°. Ther. Air 65° Water 72°. Clear. We have to contend against a strong current. Log says; saw a steamer, spoke Brig and heard heavy firing West. I have no recollection of either, or of any thing else worthy of remark.

Dec. 11. C. S. by W. 61 m. Lat. 34°, Long. 75½°. Ther. Air 68°. Water 75°. Brought to a Brig, bound from Matanzas to Portland, by tossing a shot, out in the water near him. More practice today. Heard lights let in great quantities of water.

Dec. 12. C. W. by S. to S. E. D. 119 m. Lat. 33½° Long 78°. Air 68° to 40. Water 70-58°. Now we are on the side of the Gulf Stream. The blue is sometimes dark indigo blue water then the color changes a few shades and the breezes likewise change from warm to cool and bracing. Land seen at 5.30 P.M. 1 point on Starboard bow. There was some anxiety as to what land.

Dec. 13. C. various. Dist. 105 m. Lat. 33½ Long. 78½. Air 57° Water 55°. Clear. It seemed that we had shot by our place of destination and misled by currents to have too far to the south, so we tacked off and on up the shore & find Capt. Glisson. The only thing thing worth speaking of today is the bombardment of a rebel encampment at New River Inlet. In the evening as we were going off the coast we saw a great number of lights on the shore. Passed them once and then Capt. B. thought it his duty to find out what the lights were — whether of friend or foe. So we went back within ¾ or ¾ of a mile of them and burned signals preparatory to communicate with them if friends. They made no reply — so we concluded to give them a few broadsides and draw their fire if they had guns there. We gave them 8 rounds from starboard battery, one shot and

and delivered a round from the Port battery. By this time the lights were nearly all out and the men were scattering in all directions upon the shore. We felt ashamed to fire any more upon those who could make no resistance and went on our way. We have since learned that our shots were most excellent, though no one was killed. The contrabands say that it took two hours to dig one man out we buried him so deep. I was obliged to remain at my quarters in the Sick Bay and could not see them scatter. I had some fear they were our friends, who had made a landing there. This seemed new work to me. There was much enthusiasm displayed, both by men and officers. It made good exercise for the men if nothing more. We proceeded slowly on our course up the shore.

Dec. 14. After our bombarding last night we stood off the shore for fear of running on Frying pan shoals as we were going N.W. In the morning land was in sight. We found 12 fathoms of water. At 9 called to quarters and exercised for an hour or two. At 11.15 the Steamer "Connecticut" came in and spoke us as she passed, and proceeded on to the Mt. Vernon, that was anchored near the southern outlet of the river, Cape Fear River. She left for north as we got in. The Mt. Vernon made her numbers and we made ours in return. At 4.55 we let go anchor near the Mt. Vernon and Capt Breese reported at once to Capt. Glisson, who came on board and examined the book. He was a very gentlemanly man. Men were called to quarters and he seemed pleased with their behavior. Cape Fear light was in sight and Bald Head also. Ft. Caswell was about 4 miles from our anchorage. "Connecticut" was ashore near us.

Dec 15. Sent a boat to Mt. Vernon with letters &c. I went and had a shot shot with the Doc. whose name I have not. Capt. G. sends us around the shoals to New ~~River~~ Inlet, in place of the "Amanda", which needed to go to Hampton Roads for water. We started at 9.30. and soon met the Bark "Amanda" coming to take the mail &c of Mt. Vernon before proceeding to H.R. C. E. & E. &c and up to noon we had made only 15 miles, Air 19° Water 52°— 73° at midnight. Brought to and boarded one of the stone fleet, Bark "Bogota" from N.Y. to Port Royal. We seem to have no Sunday in the Navy when the men need exercise and the ship needs work, to make her seaworthy.

Dec. 16. Monday. To day we sail S. S. E till we can turn the "tail" of the shoals, then W. N. W. the water is 6 f°. Air 54°. Clear. To day we spoke the "Amanda" again.

Dist per log at noon 163 m. Lat. 33° 19' Long. 77° 44'. I have 5 men now on the list. At noon two sail in sight. At 2 P.M. boarded the sloop "Harlock" in charge of a midshipman Tyson, she being the prize of the "Jamestown" and bound to Philadelphia". After this we chased a suspicious looking schooner. She kept away and we got within 2½ miles and fired blank charge, & which she hoisted American colors. We fired another charge and then a shot which fell short. Lowered away the 3d cutter Lieut. D. and Hempstead boarded her the crew being well armed. After long pulling we came up to her and she tried to run over them, they got out of the way and soon boarded her. She proved to be a schooner loaded with coal for Port Royal. And the Capt. thought us privateers — hence she kept away. We now proceeded down the stream. We hoped that we could have a pros-

Dec 17. E.N.E. by E. & N. by E. & Dist. 131 m. Lat 34° Long 77° Air 55° Water 66–55. Today we are are in sight of Federal Point Lighthouse. This is our station. We fish with "good luck." Fish are all of one kind called by some a kind of perch — bass — rock fish &c. We get all we want. At night stood off the shore and sounded every 15 min. in 11 — 12 fath of water. There was a calm much of the time. At 6 o'clock in the morning heard 2 heavy guns. S. E. I was glad to get upon our station; though I confess I did not like the looks of the rebel fort with the red flag over it. We saw men upon the shore. I have no doubt they would give us a warm reception, should we try to land. The fort is by the side of the lighthouse. We are pleased to know that we are on good fishing ground. I asked for a "fishing tackle" and they told me to ask Mr Skillings. I asked him for it and then I found out that the machine for raising the anchor upon the bows is called "fish tackle." So I got the joke upon me.

Dec. 18. Not much wind and we beat around a little. Air and water 54°. We ran on within 3/4 mile of the battery and expected them to fire upon us but for some reason or other they reserved their fire. Soldiers manned their guns and others came down to the shore. Saw tents near the fort. There were flags all along the shore at intervals of 3 or 4 miles. We heard heavy guns off the Spoals. There are two lighthouses to be seen from our deck.

Dec. 19. Dist 66 miles. We beat on and off. Come to anchor at 2:30 in a calm. At 4. 15 P.M. saw a steamer coming towards us. "All hands to quarters." Visions of the "Sumpter" &c.. But the steamer proves to be the "Monticello," Capt. Braine, coming to help us blockade. We are pleased. The company of a steamer is very acceptable. Capt. Baker goes on board the "Monte" and soon Capt. Braine returns with him

Dec. 20. When I went on deck the first thing I looked for was the little "Monte". She was gone. I found that she left at 5 o'clock A.M. (She went around the shoals & report to Capt. Ellison) We had but little wind when we saw a sloop gossing down the shore as we supposed to "run" the blockade. Spread all sail and made for her as fast as we could. We saw two steamers and some schooners also — but they all proved to be inside the bar. We were very sorry the steamer had left us; but when we got near the shore we saw that they were all inside the bar. We saw three batteries on the shore, and as we neared ship and stood off shore one of them threw five shot after us but they fell short and we took no notice of them.
We have long exercise at guns & day. The men handle them very well. "Jack" is exercise also with the "Single sticks".
In the afternoon we thought we had got a prize. We hauled her to & — two firing a gun and having chased her for some time. It proved to be a Bark loaded with stone for Port Royal. Stood in again.
Dec. 21. At 10 o'clock this morning, were called to quarters. A little, long, dark looking, steamer was acting very curiously around, occasionally flashing a light. "Visins of the "Gunter &c" It proved to be the "Mentiello" returning from the south side of the shoals. Capt. Brown had neglected to inform his officers that the signal arranged between him and Capt Braine was a "flashed light." She came near as soon as we answered her signals. We soon had a rough sea that continued for a day & two.
Dec. 22. Ran out and exchanged signals with an "American ship." "Heavy sea." "Spars tightening &c".
Dec. 23. "Rough sea." "Shipped myned water" &c. Lat per log 77 m. Nothing of note occurred.
Dec. 24. Lat. 30 m. Lat 33° Long 76½°. Various various. "The current seems

carry us away N. E. Some of the crew seem ignorant of the ways and disrated and some of the lands were rated. But as this was not in exact accordance with law they were afterwards tried by Court Martials, and then disrated. One or two sails reported.

Dec. 25. Christmas. Various. Dist. 66 m. Lat 33°45'. Long 77°30'. Calm, nearly. Air 52° Water 70° showing that we are in the Gulf Stream. At. 7.30. the schooner Wm. H. Northrop was boarded and found to be a prize. She hailed from Nassau N.P. but really from Wilmington N.C. where he wanted to return. Had there been any wind he would have left us very quick. but as fortune would have it he could not get away from us. The schooner was once used as a pilot boat, and was a good sailer. She had run the Blockade twice from Wilmington to W.I. There were only 3 men besides the rough looking captain. He came on board, and we all pitied him — he looked so down cast. He said we had drawn down the British flag and if he was a prize any ship with that flag was. One of the crew John Westendorf, a German, volunteered in the service of U.S. and proves to be a good man. The other two preferred to go to N.Y in irons. She was loaded with coffee and medicines — to the amount of $1100 only. She had some spirits also. Master's mate Robert Rhoades was selected as "prize master". He was furnished with 5 men. We were sorry to loose him, he was so fine a fellow. We expected him back again; but he did not return, as he was made "Acting Master" on his arrival to N.Y. and appointed to Ex. Of. A steamer "Clifton". The men were all armed and he was ordered to proceed to N.Y. — where he arrived in safety in 12 days rough, cold weather. We have not yet heard the amount of our prize money — though we hear the ship has been sold, by the Prize Commissioners. The crew

of the schooner say he tore of the U.S. flag and there were pieces of bunting lying around. this the U.S. flag was thrown overboard it was supposed. This was our Christmas present — small to be sure. We saw other sails and chased some of them, but night separated us from them. We performed the operation of "splicing the main brace" in the afternoon, which consists in simply giving the crew an extra tott of whiskey. I took occasion to send quite a lot of letters by friend Rhode, who by the by, is an honest Rhode Island boy. This is our only prize — (Feb. 19) so for and no for the only we shall claim.

Dec. 26. Lat 33°24' Long. 77°43'. Air 60–68° Water 70°–73°. We chased two schooners a few hours to day, but gave it up as night would separate us. We spoke an Am. Brig, for Port Royal. We are assured that many of the sail in sight are bound going with stone and coal &c for Port Royal. Saw Steamer "Empire" bound North in P.M. Spoke a schooner from Phil. & P. Royal — with coal. But little wind.

Dec. 27. Dist 98. E.N.E. by W. Lat. 34° 23' Long. 77°25'. We are near Cape Look Out. And a little black steamer comes out and very impudently orders us back on our station, with threats of reporting Capt Brown. We all felt mad at the fellow — and concluded he was provoked at our getting a prize — as he said he knew all about it. We run down the shore, seeing men in times on the beach — and cast anchor on our station at 6 P.M. We spoke the Monticello, in pursuit of a schooner, which did not prove to be a prize. She came in and anchored near us at night. I went on board her with Lieut. Dickinson in the evening and made the acquaintance of Dr. Potter, who hails from N.H. We burn a light all night and the Mt. Pocahontas all around to guard the entrance of the harbour — occasionally coming near and making the signal to be sure who we are. We are about 3 miles from Federal Point light

and 7 p.m. Bald-head light.

Dec. 28. At anchor all day. Men at work upon ship. I caught a pail full of fish in less than ½ hour this morning. I have no recollection of what I was meditating upon.

Dec. 29 At anchor all day. Sunday. Capt. Brain of Monticello and Dr. P. and some others came on board, to church. The weather was rather chilly. Capt Brown to day introduced the Episcopal service — himself officiating. The service was new to me and seemed rather long. After this the Capt. invited me to read my "essay" — but I told him I thought it best to postpone it, which was agreed to — and it has remained postponed these seven weeks — likewise any sunday service. Capt. Brown and Paymaster, Mr. Hempstead, and two Dr. went on board the Monticello. She steamed off on the shoals and fired her big gun — 10 inch — to bring a steamer to. The steamer proved to be a U.S. Steamer and in coming

to got aground. She soon got off, honors and after exchanging signals with Capt. Brain went on her way. She fired several guns in token of distress. She was crossing the tail of the shoals. We came back and remained on board till 10 P.M. We had a good visit, and a good pleasure excursion. I like the officers very much. Capt. Brain mixes with his officers and seems to be a very fine man. I had a good chat with the Dr.

Dec. 30. At anchor. Air 47° Water 54°. Good weather. Saw a sail, signalized the "Monticello" who went out and spoke her — she proved to be the "Amanda" with our mail &c — going around to relieve the Mt. Vernon.

Dec. 31. At Anchor. At 230 this morning two cannon were heard. "Monticello" stood away for a steamer, then came in and commenced shelling a rebel steamer or two in the Inlet. The Rebel gradually hauled off and was not hit. The Monticello could not get near enough to her.

Capt B and Dr, 8th went on board the "Mt." and went off fishing. We had no very good luck. The Contrabands say they have gone off in deeper water — 10 fathoms.

So ends the year. Since I left Boston I have seen many things worthy of note, but not noting them at the time it is impossible to do so now with accuracy. I make this skeleton from the Log and memory.

1862

Jan 1. At anchor. Monticello patrolled last night — comes up astern and makes fast to our bark. Splived the main brace. Each officer was carried around deck on a chair, carried out our ensign. Capt. made a short speech to the men. All seem to be in good cheer. We compared the condition of the country then and one year before, and hoped that one another year all would be well again. A large fire was seen — it might have been the light of the light-ship burned by the crew of the Mt Vernon under the guns of the Fort Pickens. Air 52° Water 54°.

Jan. 2. At anchor. Air 58° — 41 Water 54°. Clear. We received two "contrabands" from the "Monticello", who had come off to her from the shore and we shipped them as boys, and made cooks of them, for the mess. Called to quarters for firing at target. The Dr. came very near getting his ribs knocked in. The

covering of the fore hatch was placed over while the trap under it leading to the fore hole was left open; and the "Medico" was running in the dark across and pitched in, until his ribs came in contact with the coaster of the hatch, and there lay till the yeoman and others pulled him out. He was unable to stand, having his breath knocked out of him. The firing & target was very good. Dist 9,50 yds. Fired 21 rounds, four of them being shell one of which exploded as soon as discharged from the gun. The firing was very good most of the shot would hore the hull of a ship. The Rebels man their guns & hearing us fire. Contrabands say they have a regiment of N. C. Volunteers there. We left the target there, and as we had to get under weigh in the night and did not return for some time we did not get it on returning, and this lost the studding sail hally ards. "Monti" ran "from gunny & see".

Jan. 3. Got under weigh at 2 O'clock P.M. and stood off & on E.N.E & N by E &c. At 11 A.M. exchanged signals with the "Monticello" who ran out to see where or who we were. Ran in and spoke her in afternoon, then stood out again. The sky was cloudy most of the day. Air 46° Water 56°. We did not like to drop anchor when the wind was trying so hard to blow us under the "red flag." Jan. 4. We beat around here and there today. At 5 P.M. there was nearly a calm and we saw just at dusk a sail ahead. Dickinson went away in the third Cutter & board her — and not returning another boat was sent after him. We meantime drawing near heard the anchor go and supposing the "Monticello" near which spread three, and Mr. D. had been having a good talk with Capt. Crain while we were in suspense as to where he was. Weather cloudy all day. Air 55° Water 58°. We let go anchor in 8 fathoms of water — near the dear little "Monticello".

Jan 5. The wind sprung up fresh at Midnight; and we got under weigh at 1 A.M. and stood off. At 8 A.M. we had 18 fathoms of water; at 4 P.M. 20 fathoms and at 6 P.M. no bottom. Air 45°–60. Water 58°–72 — showing that we are in the Gulf stream. Cloudy all day. Got no observations; Lat. D.R. 33°37' Long. D.R. 77°33' Sea rough — bark ships much water. Wet and dismal day.

Jan 6. Ygnally & cloudy most of the day. Got observations which placed the ship in Lat. 33°5' N. and Long. 77°2'. Dead Reckoning gave Lat. 34°18' & Long 77°16'. Course W & W.N.W. Air 50 to 46 Water 72°60'. We run into 13½ fathoms &c.

Jan 7. At 6.45 A.M. saw land on both bows, also a number of red flags at half mast. It seems that the rebels have a system of communication by which they inform each other when a vessel approaches the shore. We came to anchor in 6 fathoms of water at 10 A.M. We had made since yesterday noon 116 miles per log. At 3 P.M. saw Montevallo coming in to us. She patroled as usual in the evening. We had not water enough to make it profitable to fish — for they have gone into deeper water — 10–12 fathoms. My memory does not serve me as to any thing worthy of note.

Jan. 8. At anchor. Air 40°–50° water 48°–58°. I am at a loss to know why the temperature of the water should change thus — the wind remaining the same. The tides do not usually make so much difference. The crew are busy scraping the ship outside. The Montevallo has not made her appearance to day.

Jan 9. At anchor. Air 52°–57° Water 56°. To day there seems to have been no change in the temperature "per marking of log" Wind South — clear weather.

At 9 P.M. We saw the "Montevallo" coming in with the Bark "Amanda" in tow. The "Amanda" let go anchor not far off.

The "M" came up astern and Capt. Brain requested Capt. Brown to go on board; which he did; and on returning brought off another "contraband." We are glad to have the company of the M. again.

Jan. 10. At Anchor. Air 58° Water 58° Weather clear. The "M" gave us 500 water, took ours and the Amanda's mail and went around to the other outlet to relieve the "Mt. Vernon" — leaving the "A" in her place with us. We are sorry of our exchange — although we know nothing to the detriment of the "Amanda". One of her boats came along side — with the purser and a Masters Mate. They were unfortunate in shamming their boat. Their purser is a New Yorker like ours, but does not seem to understand his business so well. It seems he got married but an hour or so before he left N.Y. So he has yet in store the first taste of domestic bliss, or not. What I yearned to do I do now remember.

One thing I did, though, that caused some commotion in the Cabin: viz. to enter a written protest against wetting the berth deck while holystoning it. The Capt. thought no meddling with that I had nothing to do with. I had not many on my sick list to be sure; but there were many complaining of rheumatic pains &c. The deck had not been dry for a long time.

Jan. 11. At anchor. The berth deck was not holystoned — as also the spar deck. Air 52° Water 58°. To day the Court Martial was held and sundry persons were tried for various offences — such as sleeping in their rotes &c — and punished in diverse manners — as "extra police duties for two weeks", "dressing" &c. Weather foggy. No fish here.

Jan. 12. Sunday. Air 52° — 60°. Water 58° Hazy, cloudy &c. Mustered on the berth deck to day. Articles of war read — report of Court Martial read — church postponed. At 10 P.M. signalized a steamer which proved to be the "Mt. Vernon" bound to Hampton Roads.

Capt. Glissen requested Capt B. to come on board. Capt of "Amanda" Goodwin — also went on board. The rebels manned their guns in great haste supposing us to be about to attack them. The Mt. Vernon spread her canvas as she started off. We often look upon a steamer and long to exchange our old "mash tub" for one.
Our petty officers visited the Amanda and returned much pleased with their home as compared with the Amanda. She is dirty they say. To day John Westendorf was attacked with pleurisy, of which he was cured in 10 days without mercury or bleeding.

Jan. 13. At anchor till 3 P.M. when we and the Amanda got under weigh. The wind sprang up in haste and we were in haste to get away. The Amanda lost her anchor and 30 fathoms of chain. We expected her to outsail us from what the officers said. But she was outsailed and, I think, outsailed. We both stood out to sea and soon she was lost in darkness and fog. Wind E.N.E. and we sailed S.E. &c. The sea soon become rough and we shipped much water — although our little craft is so quick she succeeded in getting out of the way of most of the seas. Water 58° — to 70° Air 54° — 63°. Our Barometer does not seem to be of much use — it is no prophet nor profit. We got into the G. Stream at midnight as the temperature of the water indicates.

Jan. 14. We had a very rough night of it. One would think a school of whales had attacked us and were bumping us on all sides. We were becalmed once but the waves ran mountain high, sweeping over the house with fury. I could not sleep a minute. Such a bumping I do not wish to see again very soon. Sea high all day. Rain poured down all day sometimes in torrents. We had a very disagreeable day — this is all I can say.

At noon Dist. per log 91 m. Lat D.R. 32°46' Long. D.R. 77°15'. Air 67° Water 72°. We were knocking around in the Gulf Stream and that is all we know. The current carries us along we know not how fast.

Jan. 15. Sea not so rough as yesterday. Got observations that placed us at noon in Lat. 32°58' Long. 77°43'. Dist per log 75 m. Squally, rainy &c. Saw a steamer bearing down & us with no flag set. We thought her the "Baltic" as she proved to be. We sent a shot ahead of her to make her put up her colors or heave to she did neither. Sent a shot across her bows — she did both. Dickinson boarded her — found she had a load of soldiers &c for Port Royal — left N.Y. two days ago. We got some late papers which were very agreeable. I hope soon from the papers since got that the Yanks did not like to be thus brought to by a little Bark. If she had shown her colors all would have been right — only we should not have got late papers. Soon the "Empire City" came along — on the same errand as the Baltic. She gave us three cheers and our men manned the rigging and returned them. Capt. Brown formerly commanded her. (Air 72°–64° Water 71°–64°

Jan. 16. D.R. placed us at noon in Lat. 33°31' and Long. 77°31'. Dist. 71 miles. C. various. Air 60°–50° Water 64°–60°. Spoke the "Amanda" after exchanging signals with her. Dickinson boarded her. Got in sight of land at 2.30 P.M. and stood down the shore to our station. Some rain today.

Jan. 17. Air 57°–63° Water 60°–56° D.R. placed us where we were yesterday. Rain and clouds. Dist per log 90 m. from Federal Point 63 m. This is as I find it on the log. It does not seem true that we are 20 miles away from our station. I can think of nothing worth recording.

Jan. 18. Foggy. C. W.N.W. & S.W. &c. Dist 72 m. D.R. placed

at Noon in Lat 33°57' Long. 77°13' Air 58°–56° Water 56°–48°. Made land at 3 P.M. Hove to — stood off and on, &c.

Jan. 19. Sunday. Foggy most of the time. Air 53° Water 48°. Cleared up in afternoon — saw Federal point light. Came to anchor at 2 P.M. F. pt. bearing N. E. W. 6 miles.

Jan 20. Got under way at 5 A.M. and stood off and on till 10 A.M. making 42 miles, then let go anchor in 4½ fathoms water — Federal Pt 4½ miles W N.W. We now hear of firing from the Ft. at Fed. Pt. They must have some heavy guns there for their shell must fall 3 miles from the guns on the beach. Some of them came towards us but fell short. They must have got some ammunition while we have been out. The jar of their heavy guns made the glass shake in our windows. I think we found some good fishing here — in 4½ fathoms.

Jan 21. At anchor till 10 P.M. — when we got under weigh and stood E by S. Air 56° Water 48°. Fresh breeze.

Jan. 22. Came &c. Course E by S. &c. Dist at noon 60 m. Air 51°–57° Water 45°–63°. At 11 A.m. F. Pt. 12 miles N.N.W. Saw Amanda. Chas a sail or two — can not catch them. Fresh wind at night. Ship much water.

Jan. 23. Rain and squalls. 6. E by S. D. 81 m. D. R. Lat. 32°58' Long. 76°30'. Rough sea. Vessel laboring heavily. Worst night of all this. Seas came over the house with a rush. Could not sleep neither could any in the Ward Room. Air 57°–61° Water 65°–72°. This was a rougher night than that of the 14th inst. If our bark had not been very strong she would have gone to pieces. I felt safe — for I knew not the danger — Wares knocked against us like so many ice bergs. We had not wind enough to

& enable us to keep her out of the trough.

Jan. 24. Signalled &c.
spoke us at noon in Lat 32°40' Long 77°35'.
Dist 43 m. Air 65° Water 72°. Spoke
Brigantine "Geo Harris" from Matanzas to N.Y.
with sugar; a three masted schooner "Only
Daughter", from Key West to N.Y. in ballast;
and schooner "David Townsend" from Key West
to Balt. in ballast. We hoped some of these would
prove prizes — and we had much excitement
during the day in chasing them. We had
every variety of wind — from a calm at
midnight — to a severe squally dummy the day.

Jan. 25. Clouds and squalls,
course N & N by W &c. Dist. 82 m. Air 64°
— 53. Water 69° — 62°. Obs. Lat 33° 1' Long 77°42'.
At 11 P.M. 16 fathoms of water. Nothing more.

Jan. 26. Sunday. Came
to anchor at 7.45 in 9 fath. at our old place
Weather) clear. Air 53° — 40° Water 62° — 48°.
Fired port guns — they had been much
under water and had not been fired for a long
time. Neither missed fire though. The "Mt Vernon"
hearing our guns sent around the New
gun-boat "Chippewa" to see what the matter
was. She did not get here until it was
night — then her signal light was mistaken
for a light — as there and not responded to —
so she had to cast anchor and wait till
morning when she came up and spoke us.

Jan. 27. At anchor. The
"Chippewa" left us at 8 A.M. — Capt. Browne
having returned from her. Bark "Amanda"
signalized at 10 A.M. She comes in and
sends a boat. Dug. Soon She goes off.
We all painting &c. Air 40° — 49° — W. 48°.
Cloudy blue sky. Few fish. Nothing else.

Jan. 28. At anchor.
Clear blue sky. Air 50° Water 46°. The
"Amanda" came in and anchored. Two of
her acting masters came on board and
dined with us. Capt. B. the pursers and
doctor went onboard the Amanda in
the afternoon. I had a long chat

with the "Medici" who was a married man born in England, educated in Eng. and formerly a practitioner in Brooklyn N. Y. They offered us plenty of wine but we surf. for enough we stayed longer than we expected, and later than their subscription. I was glad to get home again, for I did not like the looks of a strange ship so well as my own — sail as bad as she may.

Jan. 29. At anchor. Weather clear, Air 48°-52° Water 48°-50°. Painting ship, which improves her looks very much. My memory adds nothing more.

Jan 30. At anchor. Clear with strong wind blowing from S.W. Saw a sail in the offing and signalized to the "Amanda" who sent out to see who she was. We have not yet — Feb. 27 — found out who she was as the Amanda did not return, and we have not yet seen her — and are surprised to hear that she has not been seen since by the Mt. Vernon. We expected to find her here on our return — as we have her mail. The sail proved to be a schooner who beat nearly up to us once and then went off again. We could not see whether or not she was boarded by the Amanda. We still think it was a prize from her singular actions. Our paint was rather green or we should have given her chase. The wind came up hard and we payed out chain and decided to ride it out — and we did very well, though the shank of the anchor was somewhat crooked when we took it up — from the strain it had had. There were 45 fathoms chain out.

Jan 31. At anchor. Cloudy and rainy. Wind N. E. and stronger than yesterday. We commenced to drag as the chain had been here short to 30 fathoms. Payed out 6 fathoms and she brought up. In the afternoon payed out to 60 fathoms and prepared another anchor with 75 fath. of chain. But the port anchor held us through a strong gale without dragging

Feb. 1. 1862. Cloudy. At anchor until 12.50 when we got under weigh and started for Hampton Roads — having only 10 days water on board. We saw nothing of the Amanda today. She may not get back for 2 or 3 days — then I think she will be afraid to anchor here alone. If we had water we would prefer to stay here rather than go North.

Feb. 2. Sunday. I expected to be called on for my essay to day — why I was not I cannot say. Dist. 146 m. Lat by obs. 34° 17' Long. 75° 8'. C. E ½ N. Cloudy and squally. Air 48° 56° Water 58° 71° — showing that we are in the gulf stream. Saw a large new wheel steamer — supposed to be the "Baltic" also two sails.

Feb. 3. C. N. by W. Dist 128 m. Cloudy and squally. At noon went in chase of one of two sails in sight. Fired one gun and it had the effect to cause one of the schrs. to show Eng. colors and heave to. We bore down to her and Dickinson boarded her and soon hauled down the Eng. colors as a token that she was a prize. Of course we were highly pleased though we thought it not a slight thing to haul down the Eng. ensign. The Capt. came on board with his papers. He was a N. Carolinian and the schr. sailed from Beaufort N. C. the crew were Eng. He had once been taken as a prize and his papers detained in Philadelphia — the owner paying down $1200 for appraised value. He had an Eng. consul's certificate to the effect that his papers were detained. He had as a clearance through no manifesto. Was loaded with pork, flour & butter. Name was "Fanny Lee" — bound to Kingston Ja. Now what was to be done? It was decided to let him go, and he was sent on board his schr. Dickinson remained on board all this time, and when he returned the boats crew said that the crew of the schr were suspicious that the Capt. intended to run the blockade, and that she had salt in the hold. A gun was fired and she went

took & him, and got permission to examine. He found nothing that would condemn her and came back. "This was a queer case. Many thought she should have been seized — some, and the Dr among them, thought that she could not be condemned if taken into Port. But we might as well have taken her after we had hauled down her colors, and I wish we had taken her to Hampton Roads. "The Capt. had a fine looking woman he called his wife on board. He was so cool and calm he must have been a great rogue or an honest man. "The pulling down of the Eng. Colors caused the commanding officer at Hampton Roads — Capt. Maister — to write to Washington Seree — sending Capt Bunn's account of the affair. I hope no trouble will come from it. "The Capt. of [illegible] may not resent the insult to the Eng. flag. I should have stated that while D. was onboard the schooner Fanny Lee

the brought to Schr. J. Mears well 2 days from Phila. bound to Matanzas with stock &c we did not board him but took his word for it. He might have been a rogue after all. "We were much "down in the mouth" when we found no prize of either.

"Feb. 4. Dist 76 m. Lat 36° 25' Long. 74° 22'. Air 45° — 40° Water 45°. Cloudy and squally. Exchanged colors with the U.S. Transport steamer "Atlantic". Sounded in 17 fathoms of water. Out of the G. Stream as the temperature of the water shows. Nothing more.

"Feb. 5. Dist. 124 m. Lat. 36° 30' Long. 75° 36' Air 40° — 35° Water 45° — 35°. Clear. Land in sight — on port bow at 6.30 — Cape Henry. "Two steamers ahead, and one sail. At 5.30 P.M. saluted a "French war steamer with our colors, which salute she returned — three guns being fired — the colors were hauled down. At midnight made the Light at the

"tail of the Horse shoe." We are glad to be so near Ft Monroe where we are expecting to get letters from home and hear good news from the war.

Feb. 6. At 2. A.M. were hailed by the steamer "Cambridge" which is the guard boat here. Wilmington light-ship W.S.W. 10 m. We came to at 3.30 A.M. in 8 fathoms of water. Here we were until 8.45 P.M. when we got under weigh and tried to work into the flag ship that was in plain sight. We soon got aground near the light ship — and there we thumped and thumped a while and then were still as the tide was running out. Capt. Marston of the Roanoke — which is flag ship now while here. Goldsborough is with the Burnside expedition — sent a boat's crew and pilot to assist us. Capt B. at first told the pilot that he understood his business and did not want a pi-

lot. But upon finding who sent him Capt B. consented to accept his assistance. We waited till the tide turned and then got out the kedge anchor in the boat and carried it back a little way — let it go and then our crew pulled upon the hawser and so drew us off the bank and we were afloat again.

Feb. 7. Came to anchor near the Fortress at 2 A.M. Clear weather. (I neglected to say in yesterdays report that we saw the great steamer "Constitution" going out, loaded with soldiers, as we were leaving at yesterday afternoon.) At 7 A.M. Capt Bruins goes on board the "Roanoke." Some returns with ten letters. I was disappointed in not getting more letters. I went on shore a while, or at least the log says so.

Feb. 8. I was on shore much of the day — enquiring prices &c as we had many things to purchase for our mess. Capt. & Purser were

busy in getting requisitions signed for their stores. I bought some provisions and took along with me. Our steward had got a little liquor some how and was too tipsy to manage well and Dickinson pitched in and gave him a slapping in the face till his nose bled and till I pulled him off. He had no right to strike any man on board ship, and would lose his commission were the thing reported. Not content with whipping him the poor fellow had to be put in irons till he was sober. I cannot decide which needed the punishment most the Lieut. or steward. I had got my requisitions for medicines signed by the Fleet Surgeon — Wood — of the "Minnesota" in the morning, had to get the medicines from the "Rescue", Hospital ship. One of the officers who went on shore got some liquor and was too boosy to stand out his watch and was confined to his room during our stay at the R. In the afternoon we got up anchor and went up by the "Brandywine", store ship, where we had to get many provisions. So ends the day — I am sorry for the officer who was so foolish as to degrade himself in the eyes of all. I was very blue for many reasons. We all got wet in going on board & 2 P.M. as if rained quite hard.

Feb. 9. Sunday. At anchor near the Brandywine. Air 38° — 35°. Articles of war read — muster &c. No Sunday in time of war — 2 boats went back and forth — water boat came along side and gave us some water — not all we needed. A boat came along side with a request that we would move a little as we were in range of the guns from the fort as were the Merrimack tried to run out.

Feb. 10. We move along side of the "Brandywine" to get provisions. I. and Dr. on shore nearly all day to buy provisions for mess rooms &c. Take

them on board— find 2 men in irons— one for fighting— one for drunkness.

Feb. 11. I was very fortunate to day in getting Burton, who has been on the sick list for 2 months and more, into the U. S. "Ben Morgan". I made out his Hospital ticket took it to Dr. Wood of the "Minnesota" for approval, then took my patient to the U. S. There had been a case of small pox there so that I could not get him in before. I had a good chat with Dr. McLeenstre.

We dropped along side the "Badger" and got some stores. In afternoon the Capt. and purser of the Bark "Gemsbock" came on board and remained till 9 P.M. Our Capt. had smiled so many times that he was quite happy by the time they went home. We were called to quarters at 8 P.M. and remained there an hour. Capt. C. rushed to them Capt of "G." how his men could work the guns.

But he thundering one that he had "smiled" very much during the day. He treated us all to oysters till Midnight and mine still flowed— though Dr. tasted it not— but eat oysters enough to make up. Memorable occasion! We devoured nearly 2 barrel of the bivalves. "Good night, my hearties"

Feb. 12. At anchor at H. R. Water boat gives us our fill of water to day. We see the exchange of prisoners almost every day. The rebels at Lewis's Point discharge a gun occasionally. Their shot fall far short, say our men. News of the Burnside expedition come every day. We are all pleased at the success. We have seen one steamer loaded with prisoners, of which they say there are nearly 2000, in all, taken. The papers are very acceptable now-a-days. I hope the rebellion will slump in less than 3 months. I enter to day upon the duties of caterer of the Ward Cooks Mess, a situation to which there are more cares than honors attached.

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Feb. 13. Clear. There are three French men-of-war lying here now. One of them made the very modest request to be permitted to go up to Norfolk, which Capt. Marston, of course, refused. What does Johnny Crapeau want here? Expected to go to sea to-day, but there is some delay in getting articles needed for ships use.

Feb. 14. Pilot on board. We got up anchor and tried to run out but the tide and wind did not favor us so we cast anchor again nearer the Rip Raps. I was on shore again today. Rain in afternoon.

Feb. 15. Rainy. Wind adverse. Purser goes to Flagship for more mail matter, of which there must be some for us somewhere. Paymaster gets letters for other vessels of our station.

Feb. 16. At anchor still. Snowy this morning. I had the pleasure of making one snowball. Cold and chilly.

At noon we got under weigh and beat out by the flag ship — reporting as we passed — and went down passed the Willoughby light ship, with the tide in our favor. But the return tide forbad our weathering the Cape below; so we went back to five fathoms and anchored, for the present. The pilot boat came along and saw that we had one of their pilots on board, but seeing that we could not get out the boat went up to the fort and returned in time again.

Feb. 17. At anchor in a rainy day. Wind adverse. We all hope the pilot boat will bring us some later papers to-morrow for we want to hear whether or not Ft. Donaldson is taken.

Feb. 18. Pilot boat came along at 10½ A.M. and we discharged the pilot and filled away. In afternoon we spoke "The Smith" Schr. with water for Hatteras. Weather clear. Wind light. We were very anxious to make a quick passage down.

Feb. 19. Cloudy and rainy. At noon we had made only 53 miles. Direction S.E. In afternoon we had head winds and were obliged to beat. Many sails in sight. I think of nothing else to note.

Feb. 20. Lat. 36° 5' Long 74° 30' Blue sky with clouds. Air. 54°–60° Water 54°–70° showing that we are in the Gulf St. After 11 o'clock A.M. we got a good wind and made nine knots an hour till 5 P.M. Every one seems pleased at the speed.

Feb. 21. At noon Lat. 34° 24' Long. 76° 36' Dist 197 miles per log. Air 52 Water 70°–54°. Fine wind all day. At 11 A.M. saw two sail supposed to be of the blockade squadron. Land seen from aloft. In the evening saw fires upon the shore all along. We knew not whether friends or foe, so we hove a signal light which is not answered. We conclude that the rebels signalize by means of fires when a vessel is seen approaching the shore. We thought ourselves near the station and hove to at 10 P.M. So now we see nothing of the "Fernandina" Has she got ashore? The probabilities are that she has feared to come in here since we left. We must go around the island (South) and report to Capt. Gillis of the "Mt Vernon" and leave her mail.

Feb. 22. Came to anchor at 4 A.M. Rainy, foggy &c. Weigh anchor at 10 and stand S.E. &c. But it is so foggy we can take no sight nor see land, so we do but very little today. Come to anchor in 9 fathoms at 5 P.M. Here we are on the shoals and can neither go ahead with safety nor blockade at our station. Washington's birth day not celebrated.

Feb. 23. Sunday. Cloudy &c. "Cleared off" early and we saw Federal Point 9 miles away. Up anchor and start. No church today. Sail in sight. Keep away for a visit and bring her to. Board her. She is "Ariel" St. Egg Harbor, from Port Royal to Phil. in ballast. The Dr. was permitted to

pie the gun — the shot striking the water a long way off. We saw a woman on board — Capt's wife. No news from Port Royal. There was an auction held on board to day for the sail of old clothes & that was not claimed from the "lucky bag".

Feb. 24. Blue sky with clouds. We turn the shoals and start in on the south side for Capt. E. Head wind little at that and we come to anchor at noon. I was busy in assisting to pickle some of our onions and mine of the others under one of the inverted boats. Thermometer broken and I take the responsibility though I am sure I did not touch it when it fell; but I was out over it, so I thought I might have been the cause of it. I felt blue at evening. I had got mad with Dickinson for giving up one of our store rooms for a sail room and then not providing a place for stowing our provisions. He said the Capt. would let me have a

chance to stow some things in his room if I would ask him. This was his business as he had given up our room on his own responsibility & I would ask no favors of the Capt., but persisted very foolishly in "blowing him up" while he would grin like a fool. This added to the broken thermometer made me feel very blue; and I resolved, perhaps for the fiftieth time, to keep in my room and keep my own counsels.

Feb. 25. Started at 4 P.M. and at 11.30 saw the "Mt Vernon." Her colors were hoisted and we hoisted our number in reply, but making some mistake in them she got up anchor and steam and ran down and spoke us, then returned; and we beat against a head wind, until 3 P.M. when we let go anchor by the side of the Mt. Vernon. We soon found that there was fishing — for we caught large quantities of a small shiny fish — pretty to look upon, but poor to eat. Capt. Bonnet went on

board the "Mt. V." and brought off some-
what of a mail for us, very acceptable
though quite venerable. We can hear
nothing of our sister tark "Amanda".
She has not been seen in our station
since we left. The "Jamestown" was ordered
around to our station, but where is she?
I sent a file of papers to the Medico
of the Mt. V. who sent backs a note
thanking me for my favor. His name
is S. B. Hopkins.

Feb. 26. Blue sky with clouds
equally and rainy in the afternoon. We
are ordered to our old station to the de-
light of all — for we do not like this side
of the Island so well. We started at 10.30
A.M. and made a good run down the
reefs.

Feb. 27. To-day we got around
to our old station and anchor within 3
miles of Federal Point light, in 8 fath-
oms of water. No fish. I am sorry to say.

Feb. 28. Last day of winter, thick and mild.
Saw a large steamer in the offing — standing
S.S.W. Busily employed in making a tar-
get in the morning, which was anchored or
buoyed off about ½ mile from ship. It was
made of 3 barrels, mounting a flag. In
afternoon we had target practice. The
purser and Dr. climed upon the main top-
gallant yard to see how the shot struck.
We got under weigh and I noticed that
at first no allowance was made for the
motion of the vessel. Firing was very good,
most of the shots would have hit be vessel.
Some of them ricochetted 3, and one or
two four times. The shell were better
aimed than the shot. Two of them exploded
within 100 yds of ship, two skipped and
them exploded near the target — some
of them did not explode at all. There
were 23 shot and 13 shell fired. There
was muddy water on the surface and as we
sailed around the target there was left

a trail of blue water in our wake – looking like a giant snake. Two sail were seen in the offing. Gave down to them. They were on the shoals – on the other side. We beat ship and go a fishing in 12 fathoms of water. Caught 27 in all. But unfortunately when we got under weigh the chain broke and we lost our port anchor and 12 fathoms of chain. Sorry job – though we may get it as it is buoyed. We go into our station and attempt to let go the starbrd anchor, but the shackles would not go through the hawse, so we heave to and wait till morning. It is well we have found out the trouble of the chain – as otherwise we might have hoisted it and lost our bank, also of the other chain.

March 1. At 3 A.M. saw two rockets toward N.W. We answered by sending up one. At day light saw a boat approaching. It proved to be the "State of Georgia's" boat with Pilot, Lorson, and 6 men. He reported that the "Nashville" was in at Beaufort, N.C. on 28th of Feb. – day before – and that the "State of G." ran down British 18 miles and made signals – seeing no answer, was obliged to go back in night to prevent the N. from coming out – while the pilot volunteered to find us in an open boat as he did. "H. of G." saw at daylight a steamer at anchor which she supposed to be the ~~state of~~ "Keystone State". The N. showed in flying American flag and comet. When he got by the "State of G." she fired a gun at her and soon as she got under guns of the fort she hoisted British and Confederate flags. H of G. fired 7 or 8 guns to no effect.

We hoisted in the boat – which being old and rotten was soon thrown overboard – and proceeded around to report to flag officer Glisson of "Hot Corn". But when off the shoals we were becalmed. Here lowering. There were three sail in sight and we cannot

get at them. Soon - 1 P.M. - saw a steamer in the offing. Fired three guns and called her up to us. She proved to be the U.S. trans port "Matanzas" - Capt. Leusgang. with soldiers
She consented to take the boats crew and put into Capt G's station, which she did; and took in tow the "Mississippi" which the Mt V. had hauled off the shoals. "Matanzas" was bound to Port Royal. We got late papers and learned the capture of Fort Donelson and "Nashville" Tenn. Dickinson then boarded one of the schooners in sight - and found her all right - from N.Y. to Port Royal with "Medical Stores."

Mar. 2. Sunday. As we expected, the "Mt Vernon" came out to us, and caught a prize - "British Queen" schr - and ordered us to keep by her. But she soon ran out of sight - it being dark - 2.45 A.M. She was not in sight in morning and we started for her station. But the current carried us so far south that we struck the shore long way south of "Mt V's" station, and had a hard wind & head sea against. At noon saw some houses on shore and fired a shot "by the range of guns". The shot struck near the house and the frightened inmates scampered off for the woods in great haste. We were becalmed again and did not see the Steamer at all. This being the first Sunday of the month the articles of war were read, but we had no church.

Mar. 3. At day-light saw the steamer and made for her; coming up with her at 7.30 A.M., when Capt. B. went on board, with our mail. He soon returned and the Mt Vernon started with her prize in tow for Beaufort - leaving us as the only blockading vessel on this station. We expected as much, but we are not put to blockade this place, when there are 3 armed steamers and vessel would not turn out when we go away. Where is the "Jamestown"? Where the "Armanda"

At evening came some of the sharpest squalls I ever saw. Log-book has it: "Tremendous heavy squalls & cresting sea, which caused the ship to labour heavily & ship much water. We carry all possible sail and barely escape the shoals by so doing, though we lost some four gear by it."

Mar. 4. As soon as wind allows we tack ship and stand for the station again — for we are bound to blockade it to the best of our abilities. We got back in sight of Bald Head lighthouse at noon, finish the day by beating back and forth as usual. Cloudy and squally weather.

Mar. 5. Beating as usual, dare not come to anchor, and the S.W. wind stirs to dine us on Frying pan shoals. Rainy and squally weather. At night were obliged to tack out to avoid being driven on the shoals. We had to carry some canvas to help us weather the shoals. Parted some of the sheets,

and got an awful rolling and pitching. We cleared the shoals again and set quite handy.

Mar. 6. At daylight the sea was as smooth as a mirror — not a ripple to be seen. A schooner was seen on the lee bow; and though a long way off we resolved to board her. So Dickinson, &c. and five men (besides the coxswain) started. We thought we were sure of a prize. The crew were rowlocks and pulled finely. We had revolvers and cutlasses each and 4 muskets in addition. We made rapid way. Soon a cat's paw came along and disturbed the sleep of old ocean. We looked back and saw that our bark had wind enough to make headway and was pointed towards us. We neared the schooner slowly, for she had spread her wings on the passing "cats paws." We "raised" her hull after an hours pulling. But the wind sprang up and the bark kept up with us. Our grapnel and a rowlock was raised at the "foe"

as a signal for us to return; but in our anxiety to board the schooner we could not see it, and still pulled away. But the wind increased and we turned back reluctantly to and our tasks which had been of royals and our studdingsail for a chase. The Captain had been in a fright and for our because we had not seen or obeyed his summons to return. Boat hoisted up — spread all sail for the chase. We neared her fast and one gun brought her to. I hastily wrote three letter and D. Dr. & Purser went on board. It was a large schooner, Geoge Harding, from Port Royal & N.S. He had carried out a machine shop and machinery and hands to be gone us some papers and we returned well pleased. He brought no news from South. We soon spoke another schooner, also from Port Royal & N.S. We

then ran in to the station and were soon admonished to run out again; for the S.W. wind blew strong and we were near the breakers. Again were we in imminent danger. Capt. says that if we clear the shoals this time he will never come in so near again. Wind blew a perfect gale, but we must carry canvass or else blow to leeward on the shoals. Took in light sails, reefed topsail, main sail fore sail, furled main sail, close reefed topsail — then furled foresail. But in the midst of all this we parted a large chain the fore topsail sheet — all confusion for a moment — soon it was mended and replaced. The lead is kept going and we listen with anxiety for the Quartermaster to call out "By the deep sea-lead, seven" or 12 as the case might be. So in rolling and tossing the day passed off, and the

It carries more agreeably and temperatures than its predecessor. But we were near the shoals, which we found

have been run if we had the wind not hauled a point to W.N.W. Now we are going 2 knots ahead and 5 leeway. At 10 o'clock A.M. a large sea came over the lee gangway and filled the deck almost — rushing down the main hatch and filling the lower deck 5 or 6 inches or more. Everything was afloat upon deck except the guns which had been doubly secured. The sea ran out of the portholes and made way for others which came very frequently. At noon the gale died down somewhat and the reefs were shook out of the topsails and foresail. We had squalls in afternoon. But the wind continued to blow strong from W. & N.W. and we kept our course — not knowing where we were as no observations could be taken — drift is uncertain where there are strong currents. Officers say that all that saved us was the hauling of the wind to and W. they express a seamans hearty thanks for our deliverance.

Mar. 8. Saturday is holystoning day. And we did it thoroughly on both decks. By noon the sea, that ran mountain high one day ago, was calm quiet. We are in only 16 fathoms of water, this is why the sea calmed. Observations show that we are long way to the south. "Land-ho!" at noon — 25 miles off. Cape Romain. About ship and stand for our station. But we are becalmed in the afternoon. We have boat races — Capts. gig comes in ahead. We make 3 knots an hour for the last part of night — or day — 12 at night

Mar. 9. Sunday. We keep up our steady way and this morning at daylight Bald light-house was seen from the foretopgallant yard. We heave to and have a most beautiful Sunday. Wind springs in afternoon and we move around a little. The men seem to enjoy themselves very much. They are sitting around upon deck sewing and reading, talking and chewing &c &c

Home to me the evening; the sky clear as crystal, with the bright moon enthroned. The Paymaster and I promenaded the deck for more than an hour, stopping occasionally to see the men use "singlesticks." Foils might not have been allowed on sunday, but these articles are of wood, which, perhaps, accounts for the permission to use them on sunday. We talk of our disgust for such life as this; the former wishes he had stayed at home, where there would be skating and pretty girls. I tell him that I feel no disposition to complain of little pay or much work, but that there is nothing here to stimulate one to study or keep my ideas furnished. As I have known the worth of money it gives me some satisfaction to know that I am saving some of the needful as well trying to be of some service to our country in this hour of her severe trial. I hope to be out of this by 4th of July next. But it is uncertain.

Mar. 10. At day light a steamer was spoken. Visions of the bare little thirteen at once flashed across my mind. But on going on deck I was informed that it was a rebel steamer, which was either running in or had been out to look at us and was returning. We made after here as fast as we could, but she was out of our track. There was little wind in forenoon, and all hands were scrubbing hammocks and washing clothes; after which there was exercise at guns. We do not anchor now-a-days. During the after noon there was some rain and south wind. We head out and in until we can carry the shoals — I mean weather them, — which we are now doing — 9 P.M. — at the rate of 7 knots. We are anxiously looking for a steamer to relieve us and furnish us with late papers &c. I long to get back on our old station, where there is less danger of running on shoals.

Mar. 11. We have been beating all day against a head wind and have not yet reached our station. We have had almost every kind of weather to day. A "Rainy Morning", but a very pleasant evening. There seems to be but little variety of scenery along N. C. shore. We have seen it all the way from C. Hatteras S.C. to C. Lookout, N.C. The paymaster and doctor were much amused at seeing a little duckling just learning to fly. He could just manage to keep out of our way — flying only a few feet at a time — poor little orphan bird! How many of the human species are thus left to drift alone in a cold world, unable to resist the tides and vanes of temptation! I have read some 60 pages of Gibbon's Rome to day, in addition to some "professional" reading. I wish I could hear from my friends to night. May God keep them in the hollow of his hand. Do they think of me to night? Yes, they not only think of me, but pray for me, &c. Good night.

March 12. We ran off shore in the night and did not see land to day till 4 o'clock tomorrow; when we thought ourselves not far from where we were yesterday. We saw three sails in forenoon, one of which we boarded and found her to be "N. E. Clark" from Philadelphia & Port Royal, with coal; and has been out ever since 27 ult. — having had head winds, and a heavy gale in the 7 th inst. Very like, we had a taste of it. We stand off shore at night again. Beautiful night.

Mar. 13. Possible! Am I thirty years old to-day? How much better off is the world for my having lived in it? Very little, I trow. How many men have built enduring temples of fame ere they were as old as I. Alexander had conquered nearly all the world, when he died at my age. How little I know! Such queries as these kept me discontented all day. I shall have occasion to remember this day as long as I live. I may as well go through with

the events of the day as they occurred. The morning was foggy and calm; there was some pain during the day. We tried to catch fish in 12 fathoms; but there were none to be caught. We all drifting in some current we knew not where, for we can get no observations. About noon a pretty little bird came flying around in the rigging. The dear little wee thing seemed to be trying to find a dry resting place. It was about as large as a sparrow and had a yellow spot under its throat. The men and boys chased it around for a while and I went in the cabin, supposing the little visitor would be let alone. But I am sorry to say that one of the men threw something at it and killed it and threw it overboard. Perhaps he did not intend to kill it. I did a very foolish thing after supper. I procured a bottle of wine and with this and some cake sent me from Great Falls, 4 months ago, I made the fact known that I was thirty years old. All commissioned and warrant officers were invited. They wished me many happy birth-days, and took care to mention the same concerning a future Mrs. B. and two or three had the forethought to provide thus for the little ones, in like manner. All were apparently jolly, yet I was sad, and some there had gloomy appearances, I fancied. All went off well; but bump goes our bark on the shore, just as we are about retiring. Before we have time to say so — bump — drag — bump again. Now the confusion on board was just what one might expect. Orders and counter orders — sailors coming up half dressed — bump bump — drag — bump again — square the yards — helm hard down — up the large hawser — up the kedge — anchor — down the third cutter — call her over — call away the fourth cutter — bump, bump — open the shot locker — up the pump

hawser — lower away anchor in boat — then run around ship and see where is deepest water — bump, bump, drag — how much water there Dickinson — 3 fathoms off 150 yards in port bow — good — pay away hawser — pull away with cutter with anchor — have yards — helm down — let go anchor from boat — man hawser — pull away boys — bump, drag — bump — around the cones — keep the lead going — how much now — quarter less two — the deepens — good, bump, drag, bump again — pull away boys — we are over the anchor and she is clear — three cheers — up anchor — helm down — we are safe — thank God — make sail again — how much water now — four fathoms — good — now splice the main brace — (i.e. all take a drink of whiskey, except officers) — boats made fast first. I omitted to say that we fired a gun for assistance, that the sails were hauled up

that some said we are lost; some cried, some had stout heart — all worked well — water calm — wind slight — ship did not spring a leak — and so forth.

The fact is we ran from Cape Fear for we could see it plainly with naked glasses after danger was passed — the land looked like a large snake stretched across behind us. As for myself, I was surprised to find myself so cool. I worked as best I could and encouraged others by example and word. Fortunate wasn't for us that we were going no more than two or three knots an hour, fortunate indeed that the sea was calm. An easy thing for the rebels to capture us had it been day time, for we were in sight of Fort Caswell, had it been day time. Did that little bird come to warn us of impending danger? It was the first time the thing ever happened, but still I am not superstitious enough to think it had

any connection with ever getting aground. The lead had been cast early a few minutes before we struck, showing that we should water very fast. We are safe now and we will try not to get aground again. I am sorry to say that Capt. B. disappointed every one, almost, by his want of fortitude and exemplary coolness. He wrung his hands and exclaimed "We are lost, we shall be taken prisoners" &c &c. and complained of the officers. All this disgusted us — I was mad and could not help sputtering a little as I pulled away at the anchor or hauser. But I must take into consideration his temperament, and the fact that his reputation as well as life depended upon the work of a moment. If I had comprehended the danger as he did, and had my reputation likewise at stake I might have been more excited. I believe that I could swim and by the help of a spar, I could get on

shore and give myself up as prisoner, and live in prisons at Raleigh a while. We all felt thankful for our deliverance, for but few thought we should get ever back off again. Capt. B. said they would have hung him as soon as he was taken prisoner. It was a narrow escape. If our bark had not been very strong she would have gone to pieces. It staggered us when she struck so heavy — are uneasy sensation — better understood from experience than discription. When we first struck the sails were hauled up, then braced around and some of them hauled out again to stop her headway and if possible to back her off again. At one time she seemed to be poised and then it was that she came around so nicely. We could have thrown her guns over board, and shot &c and lightened her if needed. We were fortunate, and I feel that I should be more thankful for it.

Mar. 14. Fog was the only thing visible this morning; but it was not the only thing heard. About 9 o'clock, A.M. we heard a fog bell ring — apparently only a short distance from us. We, of course, rung our bell, in return. We could hear their machinery, or rather paddle wheels, and their talking. We beat to quarters and cast loose the guns, ignorant whether friend or foe were near. But as the steamer came no nearer after she heard the roll of our drum we concluded that a secesh steamer, supposing some vessel was ashore came out to secure the prize, and not liking the sound of the drum retreated. No friendly steamer could have thus sneaked off. We were in a poor condition to fight — for there was no wind and she could have taken her own position so that we could not bring our guns to bear upon her.

We make but little head way today; whatever is made is away from the shore.

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our last evening's escape is the principal subject of talk. I "over-hear" the men all over ship; and their chief subject of conversation is the disgusting [illegible] behavior of a certain Officer last night. They repeat his gestures and cowardly expressions. I told some of them, who were talking loudly, that they must be careful how they talked. They said: "O! he is a coward — he cried last night — and called us 'my good lads' and all that; but before night — he will be calling us 'sons of bitches,' 'damned liars' 'thieves of hell' and 'be d — d to us'" and the like. He talked about praying last night; and this morning he came out swearing like a pirate. He has lost more than five pounds of the compass in our estimation. He is a coward and dirtied his shirt last night." Of course I had no business to listen to such conversation about an Officer and turned away.

We attribute our escape to fortune, not to our commander. He harps about

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inefficiency of officers. He has no excuse in so jeopardizing our lives in this manner by running so near the shoals - for he says he knew were near them. He is the only man aboard the ship that could act so timidly and not be hooted for it every day. He attempts an apology for his taking him to unmoor - as if others had foreknowledge of what was to happen. But enough of this.

Mar. 16. Somewhat foggy this morning. We have made but little headway during the night. Sea becomes rough and can get no good observations. Some thought they saw land, during forenoon; and it would not be strange if they did for we have "stood in" a part of the night; but the Capt. thinks it cannot be land. Strong winds from South come and warn us to get out of the horse shoe. Barometer goes down fast - 29.62 and every thing indicates a "blow." We are uneasy for the best we can do is to head E.S.E. and adding leeway gives us but little better than E. course. Whether this would clear the shoals depended upon how far to windward we were. The wind came in gales that made all ring again. Lead is kept agoing and we expect to hear of sounding every minute; but it deepens gradually, and the wind hauls so that we can make it almost due E.S.E. by S. The moon comes up full and beautiful and the sky is again clear. The waves are "combing" and awful; and the wind in no way disposed to soothe them. Our hearts are made glad by "By the deep sea (lead) sixteen" But the next throw gives only 14 fathoms. Then I look away under the rising moon for breakers, but do not see them; thank fortune. 14 fathoms again; soon followed by 16. Joy. We are crossing tail of shoals.

Water deepens and we are safe, thanks to fortune and not foresight. I now turn in with thankful heart.

Mar. 16. Sunday. Wind has blown a "living gale" all night. As soon as we were passed the shoals, we took in all canvas except double reefed topsails. (I omitted to say in yesterday's report that it rained part of the day as fast as ever I saw it,— with an energy worthy a tropical clime.) At light this morning three sail were seen, two before the wind, and one — we think the bark "Amanda" — heading, as we do, N. W. close hauled. We have been within 4 or 5 miles of her all day. It is too rough to think of exchanging mails with her today. We make about 3 knots an hour. Nothing occurs to day of great moment. A topsail sheet parts, but fortunately the block hits no one. The sunset is beautiful; I climb up the rigging and get a second view of the glorious orb. He is no sooner down than up comes She — the moon — full and glistening; and the wind cuts sharp over the white capped waves — beautiful and lively this evening. I cannot resist the thought that perhaps I am looking upon her fair face for the last time — for the shoals still haunt my dreams. It may be that some of the dear ones at home, or a brother abroad, look upon the moon and ask if I am not doing so too. And it may be that some of them have looked at the silver mirror for the last time with mortal eyes. Oh! that I could see them all tonight. "Sight-ho!" comes down from the fore topsail yard. All rush out to see a very large steamer — ("Constitution"?) pass athwart our bows towards the N. E. with rapid speed.

There is a peculiar "mackerel" appearance to the sky tonight — not so as to obscure the moon or the twinkling stars.

Barometer rising very little — slowly.

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Mar. 1. The bark we saw yesterday was nearer this morning and we ran down and spoke her — the "Gem of the Sea." She is cruising off "Georgetown." Soon a sail was reported, which the "Gem of the Sea" brought to with a gun and boarded. We ran close to her and hailed her. She proved to be the "Charter Oak" from Port Royal to N. Y. She had bad news from the North — the sinking of the "Congress" and "Cumberland" at Newport News. This caused us to send a boat aboard which returned with a paper — giving particulars of the awful disaster. I am heartily disgusted with the conduct of some of our officials. This sad news makes all gloomy on board today. We came a N. W. course in a good wind and at sunset found ourselves at New Inlet instead of on the south side of the shoals — our present station. We are glad to stop here for one night at our delicious — and at anchor too,

a luxury we have not enjoyed for two weeks. The Fort at Federal Point has been much enlarged since we were here before. We have all preparations for a night-battle thinking that the secessionists are so emboldened by their recent victory as to dare to come out and attack us. Ah, when will this war cease? Come Peace and bring healing on thy wings. Capt. Browne distributes my coolness the other night to my ignorance of our danger, and says he was the only one in the ship that did appreciate our condition!!! I must confess that I "could not see," when he quoted "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise" I am surprised at the amount of disrespect a man can show to an officer and be ignorant of it. When he hurries, on deck, all the men below are repeating his expressions of fear, uttered upon the night of the thirteenth. I am "blue" tonight and feel disgusted with the whole universe.

Mar. 18. At anchor within 3 miles of Federal Point battery until 2 o'clock P.M., when we got under weigh & run out to a sail, which proved to be the sloop of war "Jamestown" belonging to this station, being seen now for the first time, by us. Capt Browne went on board and soon the "Jamestown" ordered, by signals, to follow; and we did so till sunset, when left P. came on board. They had not heard of the disaster at Hampton Roads. Saw the Amanda 24 miles. We are now — 6 P.M. — under easy sail going S.E. by S. It is uncertain when we shall go around the other side of Shoals.

Mar. 19. At 3 A.M. I was awaked by extra noise; and found they were just preparing to bring to a schooner with a shot. I went with Dickinson to board her; and we found her all right; a small schooner loaded with sutlers stores for Port Royal. We thought we had a prize, as she was tacking around somewhat — but she was sounding off the tail of shoals. I now find that we are going around to the south of the Island.

We have had a very severe thunder shower this evening — most magnificent. We saw land this afternoon and then stood out again — bald head light bearing N.N.E. at 2.20, distance 12 miles. I saw the fire balls upon the tops of mast, yard arms and so forth for the first time in my life. I felt the safer since we have conductors at main and mizzen masts. A bank came off from land and kept us company for a while until, the Capt shot at him a few times with a pistol. He lighted upon the Royal Yards a few times. We had some very smart "rolling" at 10 or 11 P.M. Some say she went entirely over and came up all dry. Every heavy sea that strikes us, reminds me of burying on shore

Mar. 20. The sea was somewhat smoother this morning. The man at the mast head called out "Land ho!", but it was only a fog bank. We have had a cloudy, rainy, dal; part of the time calm, and often squally. A sail was reported, and soon the fog shut it out. It cleared up just before sunset and the sail proved to be a brig. We fired three shots at him to bring him to; but he was out of reach, and so far to windward he did not hear our guns as we suppose. He hoisted his colors in a few minutes after we fired. I wrote a letter to send to Amasa in case we boarded her. We are in 14 fathoms of water — this is all we know of our position. "Dead Reckoning" placed it — Lat. 32° 56'. We have been discussing an old question again this evening. Mr. D. said that if I would draw up the questions he would write to Prof. Henry for decission. I drew them up concisely as follow. 1st. Granted that there is water in the ocean so deep that lead will not reach to the bottom: Then will a five-pound lead descend to the same level with a ten-pound lead? If not, and the ten-pound lead should; will the balance ascend?

When presented to him he found fault with them and wanted a general principle about all bodies sinking &c divided; and in this he was joined by Capt. and Purser. I was alone in answering the first in the affirmative; every officer and many others disagreeing with me. They also say that when a large piece of lead is divided the parts will arise. There is little satisfaction in discussing a question with men who when they cannot turn to ridicule and laughter to cover them, while they speak off. So when pinned to it, they recede under a cloud of their own thick-ening up. Queer set those New Yorkers are.

Mar 21. The wind being favorable we run into the station. A sail was seen from aloft in the station. It soon was apparent that it was a steamer, and the quartermaster said she was standing for us. I climbed aloft and with glass saw to my satisfaction that it was a steamer at anchor with her sails unfurled to dry. Visions of the Nashville flashed across the mind of some. We went to quarters, and made every preparation for a fight. Capt. Browne made a speech to the men: "Now my lads we may have a hard fight. I want by you to put implicit confidence in me. Obey every order given you. Fight as long as I do, and when I fail, you fail." I was standing upon the forecastle at the time with the paymaster. We could but notice the peculiar expression of contempt upon the countenances of the men who had their backs turned from the Commander. I paraded my instruments, gave command to the "Capt. Guns", and every preparation for a desperate slaughter, which I was convinced would not occur at once, for I concluded the steamer was — what we found her to be — the "Mt Vernon". I "turned to" 3 of my sick men, who were not seriously ill — the being unable to leave their beds. The Capt went on board the steamer and got a large lot of papers for me, and thus — thought I, had the greatest lot. Dr Hopper amply repaid my "compliments" by sending a larger bundle of papers than I did to him.

I learn from them more particulars of the H. Roads affair and encouraging news from all parts of the country. I am very sorry we got no letters. The news is very encouraging. We are ordered to remain here with Capt. Gibson. The weather not looking quite right we stand off again. We are all jubilant over the news from New Madrid, Potomac &c.

Mar. 22. A cold morning, and no fire. Capt. Crane ordered down the stove yesterday so we have no fire. We come to the conclusion that he is meddling with our affairs too much and that we need the stove and therefore we will put it up again, without saying a word to him. We expect a row — but he does not take and is clever as a lamb — until towards night when he is growing savage.

We were standing in when I went out this morning — how long we had been on this tack, I am too lazy to ascertain. We saw the Mt Vernon soon, and came along side her — say 9 o'clock — and spoke her. Capt. B. says: "What ship is that sir?" "The "Fernandina", don't you know me, Capt B?" "No, sir. Why did not you hoist your numbers sir? Could not you see mine hoisted?" "Yes sir; but I hoisted my distinguishing pennant." "Any ship might hoist that; always make your numbers, when you come in to me." "Yes sir; I hoisted my numbers yesterday and you did not reply by hoisting yours, so I did not hoist mine today." "Please to remember always to hoist your numbers, sir, when you come in here. I hope you had a pleasant night, Capt. Barnes." "Thank you sir, I did. I hope you enjoyed the same." "Come to anchor when you get a good N. W. wind — till then — lay off and on." So we tacked ship and stood off S. E by S. losing sight of the Mt Vernon at noon. I found that it was a pleasure to sail on board to hear Capt. B. slightly reprimanded — he is so fond of bullying everyone else. The wind hauled S and Capt. B. decided to run around and go under the lee of the Island — in case of a S. W. blow. We came up with the schooner "Hazall" from Port Royal to N. Y. with no news or cargo. We are now on the tail of the shoals, and after waiting with

the schooner we came directly in & over old station, Stem Inlet. We let an chor go at 3.4 P.M. in 7½ fathoms — Savy being seen ahead. I hear that we are to start for H. R. — & Baltimore — on the first of next month.

Mar. 23. Sunday. Though it was dondy to-day, and cold with all, yet it was pleasant to be at anchor, even near the shore of Secessia. We are near Masonborough Inlet; Federal point bearing S.W. some 10 miles. We saw a man galloping down the shore this morning in haste. There are plenty of fires along the shore, both night and day. The wind continues to blow from shore.

Mar. 24.

At anchor still, men all at work upon rigging and boat. The day is fair but the cold off shore wind is enough to dampen one's love for the shores of Secessia. I am troubled about my patient C. Green, who has had an attack of subacute rheumatism and now phlegmonous erysipelas set in — having the appearance of a mercurial carbuncle, in the neck, over the "collar bone". I fear he will not be able to go through it, even with the assistance of wine, elixir nitrici, quinine, carbonate of ammonia &c &c. The capt. told Dickinson and Hempstead to-day that if the "Nashville" should come out and attack him "he should haul down his colors at once, as it would be of no profit to government for us to be half killed and the tank sunk." Capt. B. has barked very loud and long, and we think when it comes to the scratch he will not bite.

Mar. 25. At anchor still. The wind holds W. yet — right off the realms of slavonia and the head of rebellion, and yet it is chilly as hatred itself. All hands at work upon rigging and painting ship. I opened Green's carbuncle, if such it may be called, this afternoon and it discharged a pint and a half of pus, leaving much blind.

Mar. 26. This was the first Spring-like morning we have seen. I thought of how I used to run to the maple trees with the sap-pails on such mornings. All hands, except six I have upon the "Sick List", are at work tarring down rigging. But they did not complete the job, for the reason that it rained. When we were taking dinner the Deck Officer reported heavy firing & heavy guns — supposed to be at the Ft. We all rushed out just as they were wondering what strange noise followed, sounding like the wheels of a steamer. "'Nashville' is out" said Dickinson. "That is sure the sound of a steamer", said Capt. B. It was so foggy we could see but a short distance. Then the firing was heard again. This time two "Bull Runs" soldiers declared it to be the discharge of musketry, intermingled with that of cannon. Capt. looked perplexed, for we had no wind, and he knew not what calamity might follow. But his face was radiant with joy when the happy thought occurred to him that Burnside might be attacking Wilmington. He thought of attacking the Ft. All was still again. "Short battle" said some one. But soon we heard the sound "nearer and still more near". "Musketry, sure." Just now the Dr spied a "streak" of lightening and suggested whether it was not thunder that we heard. This raised a laugh, which only subsided when the report of the lightening arrived, convincing all that we had been listening to the artillery of Heaven. Soon we had a shower of rain such as only a more southern clime; interspersed with hail-stones that would not be a disgrace to N. H. At 6 P.M. the wind was N.E. and we had to get under weigh, in which process the anchor was broken — both flukes gone — and a man got overboard. A boat soon picked him up and the life buoy, which he did not get hold of. We started off in a E. S. E. course under easy sail.

It is now past 6 o'clock, and already there is a heavy sea; of which our bark has shipped due amount. I am happy to say that Green is better today; but there is still a profuse and continuous discharge of pus, shreds of tissue &c. I hope under tonics, stimulants, generous diet &c he will come up again. Good night.

Mar. 27. We had a very rough time of it last night. This morning we saw the "Jamestown", and soon exchanged signals with her. We are both bound in to see Capt. Gleason, and are near each other all day. Late in the afternoon she made signals for a boat to be sent on board her. Dickinson took some papers for her but brought back later ones, 22 mst, which contain very little news. We have been in a calm most of the time this afternoon. What wind there is, is dead ahead. We are south of our station some ways — 30 miles or so. 12 men take medicine today.

Mar. 28. Never was the water of the ocean smoother than they were this morning. They looked glassy indeed; and were filled with a kind of jelly fish — as large when alone as a beam — generally in runs or pairs of runs rather. ..... In the water we could see nothing but these little runs of dots, but on dragging them up we found them enclose in transparent jelly, angular at the sides. Our yeoman says it is the food of the whale. Capt. B. says it is "squid"!! I do not know what to call it, I am sorry to say. Hands were at work upon the rigging again today. We had a nice 7 knot breeze this afternoon that brought us in here to the Mt Vernon. "The Jamestown" has been in sight all day. We outsailed her when before the wind; though she whipped us completely when on the wind — close hauled. She did not get in time to report tonight. Capt G. said: "Why did you not heave to when you saw me coming out to you. I thought you

were trying to run the blockade." He fired a musket to bring us to! He could not see our colors as it was a little dusky. He said we had not better come to tonight, but show a light for he should patrol. So we keep under weigh. Good night.

Mar. 29. The "James town" and "Mt. Vernon" were seen this morning in the offing together. Before noon the steamer came back and left G. said we were to get what wood we wanted of her and then to come in here and report to him with the rest of our vessels, and then go north. He went off and anchored and we beat out against a head wind, to the "J." and got a few days fuel, and then kept N. E. & E. under easy sail. This has been truly stormy day, after which the men are mending and making clothes. We have had a beautiful day. I am sorry to know that Green is growing weaker, in spite of me. How are my friends tonight? they of whom I think so much. I am hungry for a mail.

Mar. 30. Sunday. Cloudy most of the time. We ran off till midnight, then backed and ran in to land; then we saw the Mt Vernon in the distance; then ran off for a while, then in, and now, 10 P.M. are near the Mt Vernon, in smooth water, under easy sail, with light breeze, from N.W. We shall not speak the Mt Vernon tonight. We have had a very quiet day of it. It has seemed very much like Sunday. It seems to me that we might to take solid comfort here. But we are always finding fault, and found to take no comfort. By we I mean the genus homo. I have tried to be contented today, but there is a continual anxiety to hear from Juniata, in particular. Of others I wish to hear; but I think home in greatest danger. Of Dudley I have not heard for a long time. "Where shall we three meet again"?

Mar. 31. We ran out 10 or 12 miles and were there becalmed. It was foggy this morning, and we could not

make a short advance. Went to quarters for exercise. At noon we had a little breeze and came in here & the Mt Vernon, where we arrived at 2 o'clock or there about. Executive Officer Simmons of Mt Vernon came on board. Lieut Mr Dickinson went on board the C.T.R. and got some coal. Capt. C. and the Dr. went on board & Sundry, and remained until 9 o'clock. I was very glad to hear them talk of the fight on board of the Hampton Roads.

We see several steamers around Ft Caswell to night and they are exchanging lights. We go to quarters and cast loose the guns and make ready for a fight tonight.

April 1. At anchor. All hands busy in making "April fools". We have had a fine day. The wind has blown strongly from N.W. but we are under the lee of the land and ride it out nicely. I have made out my quarterly reports today, and done little else. We expected to have a visit from the officers of the Mt Vernon today, but I suppose they wanted a smoother time to come. My patients are getting along well, but others come as soon as one goes. I have had 36 different individuals sick this quarter; the daily average upon the sick list is 2 7/90. I find there is less sickness on board the Mt Vernon. It seems a short three months since I was bothering about how to make out my other report. Time flies very swiftly, and yet it sometimes drags heavily. I am now hungering for news from home — and abroad too.

April 2. I heard of a chance to send down to Beaufort before I got off to see for myself. When I went on deck I could see the schooner and the Mt Vernon, that had run down to her, near by, and firing a gun occasionally. They were about 12 miles off and the morning was somewhat hazy. Our Capt.

did not see fit to get under weigh, until a sail was seen in the offing. We then got under weigh and ran out to meet her, uncertain whether she was friend or foe. She proved to be the "Cambridge," and when we made her number out and she hauled her down, she next made signals for us to come and get a mail, which we did; and she went down to the Mt Vernon, we following. We dropped anchor near them and commenced shelling some men on the shore near the schooner aground, after sending an armed boat to the Mt Vernon. Our shells set a shanty in fire and scattered the rebels very quickly. Capt G. made signals for the firing to cease, and the boat, third cutter, returned for our largest hawser and first cutter, which had to be got off the gallows - this taking some time. Capt G. made signals for the boats, which went away with the hawser &c. Capt B. saw some men and what looked like a small fort just up the inlet and sent the fourth cutter to Capt. G., for permission to get up anchor and move in nearer the shore to shell them. Capt. G. said "reserve our shell" and ordered the the boat to return and get dinner and hold themselves in readiness. Meantime the Cambridge had come up to us and returned to Mt Vernon; and a fleet of boats were on their way to the schooner. Mt Vernon had boarded her earlier in the morning and extinguished the fire which the rebels had set and left a crew on board, having pasted a hawser in trying to pull her off the shore. They now used our hawser, new and strong, but the tide fell so fast that the schooner was left almost out of water. She was loaded with salt which the men commenced throwing overboard and it laid in piles along side. The inlet is called "Lockwood's folly inlet" and the channel is so narrow the schooner could not keep in it in the night, as she took this time to run in. Capt G. 11

thought best to burn her; so they took some things out of her and set her on fire. Meantime the rebels had collected behind the sandbanks and were thinning muskets shot at our men around the tug. The men brought off some meat, blocks, ropes, a sail &c. also a piece of a rebel flag. The Mt Vernon got much more than we did. As soon as the men were returned to their respective ships, the Cambridge commenced shelling the rebels on the shore with her Pivot Gun, the Mt. Vernon joined in, likewise the Fernandina, who they say made some complete shots in the morning. I did not think we could throw a shell so far. The Cambridge sent some shot through the schooner, and one shell exploded in her. She burned finely. I was sorry to see so much property destroyed, which we might have got off at the next high tide, I think. There was some good shooting done by each of the ships. We did not fire a rifled cannon and are glad to know that there is one awaiting us at Hampton Roads. We are prepared to return to our anchorage. I took a boat and went on board the Cambridge to get the remainder of our mail, and to see Dr. Richardson, with whom I was acquainted. The letters had been sent on board the Mt Vernon; so the Cambridge took me in tow and brought me alongside the Fernandina, the Mt Vernon having gone ahead. We got under way and the wind being ahead we had to stand off shore, and it became foggy so we did not get up to our anchorage, but are keeping off for the night. We have had a busy day. Noise and anxiety all day. I have looked so much that my eyes and head ached me much. We sometimes long for excitement to release the monotony of this station. We have had it to day. The Cambridge will remain here during our anchorage. absences on a moments notice.

Gleings us news of a battle at Winchester Va. and of the running out of Nashville, & of the capture of Beaufort by Burnside. Large bodies of troops are at Ft Monroe &c &c. I am sorry I got no letters from home.

April 3. We ran off into the gulf last night and got up to the Steamers about noon and let go anchor. We saw the remains of the old schooner not yet all burned, as we came up by the place. The rebels have fired some new heavy guns here at the fort today, not at us though. We sent a boat on board the Mt Vernon and got the neglected letters; of which two were mine; one of which was mailed Dec. 28 the other 14th ultimo. Glad to get them though one of them was rather old. This only stimulates my appetite for more. Some of the officers of the Mt Vernon were onboard today, and some of ours returned the compliment. Fine day.

Apr. 4. At anchor still. Water as smooth as glass all the fore part of the day. We had quarters in the morning, at which time some of the officers of the Mt Vernon came on board, among whom was Dr. Hopper. I should have said we had general exercises; wherein Capt. B. made an ass of himself, as usual, in trying to drill the men in small arms, of which he knows so little. He vented his spleen by threatening to run a man through with his sword. Our officer visitors were not a little disgusted. This afternoon we took the mails of our consorts and were prepared to go to sea when we had wind which came at dusk; when we got under weigh and stood out. This proved only a calm pass with a shower in which there was some of the sharpest lightening I ever saw. I lie down in my berth and write & reading about 7½ o'clock; and fell asleep & my boy woke, and slept till 8 o'clock & and when one rapped on my door and said Dr. get up — Capt. has killed a man.

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I put on my boots and went on deck to see what was the matter. I there saw some men binding Michael Heeney, who, they said, had made a villanous attack upon Capt Bunn, who stood by with sword and pistol. I heard a noise forward and went there and saw the Hilman brothers having a fussle, the elder one trying to hold the younger one who was his patient not long ago. The elder one, John, said. "Let him alone I can manage him." One of the boys came forward and called me to the cabin, where the officers were arming themselves. Dickinson said. "Dr, Get your sword," to which I said I have none." He said the crew were in a state of mutiny. I did not even think of getting my sword for I saw nothing like mutiny. I stepped out on deck and was met by my steward who said "The men are drunk. This confirmed my belief. I now found out that Capt. B. had been stabbed in the leg; and sent Adams, my steward, for bandages &c. D. said to purser, Hempsted, "arm yourself." The purser, who had been writing, said "there is no need of it." D. turned to Capt. B. and said "Hempsted refuses to arm himself." B. said: "Do you refuse to arm yourself." H. said: "No, I dont refuse to arm myself, but I be G-d-d-d- if I see the need of it." He then proceeded to arm and I went forward where the Hilmans were scuffling about. Capt. B. came forward, sword and pistol in hand and declared the "crew were in a "pon mutiny." I stepped up to him and in a low voice said: "These men are drunk and not mutinous." B. said: "You must be drunk not to see there is a mutiny on board my ship." I was surprised at his remark and stepped back. Just then Wm. Hilman was arrested; and the purser came along and J. Hilman was crying and Capt. B. told him to go ~~forward~~ aft. He said I want to

ask you one question Capt B. What have I done?" Capt B. ordered him to be arrested, as he refused to obey. Just then he seized the pursers arms and came near getting them away from him, when F. McGuire, capt of forecastle, threw his strong arms around him and carried him away, the pursers pistol having fallen upon the deck. When about 3 yards off Hilman attempted to get away from McGuire when Capt. B. stepped up and shot him, upon McGuire called out "dont shoot me." The ball, from one of Colts large revolvers, entered Hs loins in the abdomen and was found under the skin of his back, which it pushed out so hard that McGuire, whose thigh was against His back, thought himself shot also. H. was carried to the cabin where I examined his wounds. While doing so Capt B. was raving about mutiny and said I had connived at it, also the purser. I was mad and repeated what I had said about drunkenness and told him if he wanted to report it to the Consul (as he said he should) to report it. This I should not have said. Then the purser said harder things than I, in being accused of mutinous conduct. While a bed was being prepared for H. upon the wardroom table I dressed the Capts stab in the left calf which was about 7/8 of an inch long and 1/2 inch deep. He at first said it was done with his own knife. I removed the ball from under the skin on the back of Hilman, where I found the bones (hip) badly splintered. There was no bleeding to speak of externally, but he passed large quantities of blood mingled with feces. He very fell into a delirious stupor, calling on forebrain, third cutter, &c. He vomited up his supper, which smelled very strong of liquor — the cause of all this trouble. The Capt. ordered the ship about and made signals for assistance from the Cambridge and Ht. Vernon.

Heeney was cursing and raving in a frightful manner, rattling his chains like a confined lion. I omitted saving if his neck till he got more quiet. He and the younger Hilman are in chains, the former of which is the drunker of the two.

Apr. 6. After much signalizing and firing guns the Cambridge came down this little after midnight. Capt. B. in answering the call from the C., said he had had a mutiny on board, in which he and two men had been wounded, and that the surgeon of the C. was needed, and a boat would be sent for him. I had previously told Capt. B that I needed no assistance — and such a statement as this disgraced me, as I thought. Dr. Richardson came on board, and said nothing more could be done for him. We are in a calm. Cambridge waits till morning at B's suggestion. Hilman grows more restless and we give him large quantities of morphine. I found the bladder uninjured. At daylight we moved him to a cot below. The influence of the liquor began to leave him and he was sensible. The Mt Vernon and Campridge came along side. Capt. B. asked for the Dr. of the Mt Vernon and Capt Glenn, stating that he was too much wounded to go on board the Mt V. I again felt disgraced at his calling for the Dr. Capt. G. would not come on board, and asked why he did not proceed on his way. Dr. Hopper came on board and said no more could be done and that the man would die. The Capt had a long talk with him — probably accusing me and Hempstead of murder. No one can tell the feelings I had at such treatment. The petty Officers came to the mast and protested against calling a drunken row a mutiny, whereby all were so much disgraced. Dr. H. returned and we soon had a good wind for Hampton Roads, which we used to the best advantage I knew.

The purser was under arrest, and Capt. B. had threatened to have me "court martialed." I paid more attention to the wounded man than to him though, conscious that I had done nothing to merit such an accusation. He withdrew his accusation before night though. He forgave the purser who had written a letter of apology. I sewed up the wounds in Mooney's neck — made by Capt. B's sword — with three sutures. They are not dangerous — though in the vicinity of large arteries. He is now sober, but refuses to tell where he got his liquor. Capt. B. is making it out that he shot Hillman when he was struggling with the purser — Dickinson says, "Yes sir, yes sir." Capt. B. knows better than to ask me, for I will not lie to cover his cowardly act towards a drunken man who was no stumbling-block. He is trying to convince himself that the men were not very drunk, I fancy. He is a lying coward, and sycophant. The fact is Capt. B. has needlessly shot a good man, (and guilty only of drunkenness and insult) and now is trying to make a monstrous cloak large enough to cover all his sins. The thing will be sifted. Before midnight the wind changes. We are off Hatteras, and I hoped the wind would continue good so that I would get my patient into the Hospital ship before he dies; but we have the wind dead ahead, and the sea is mountain high. I controll the sick man's pulse with tr. of Veratrum Viride and his pains with morphine, his wounds being kept covered with cold water dressing — often changed. I got no sleep last night — and stand no chance to get any to-night. But 12 is the clock, and an unhappy day is ended. Had we had men on fighting the enemy the case would have been different. O! Disgusting!

April 6. We have had terrible weather that I have not written up my journal for two days, (now 8th). I have not had 6 hours sleep for 4 days.

am in poor condition for writing up now, for between anxiety, ~~and~~ headache and how he was, lies the charge of making the time seem very long. Day before yesterday was rough, though there was little wind. My patient Hilman is (6th) worse than yesterday (5th). Peritonitis set in with its usual symptoms. This I expected. I have no hope of him, still I try the best I can. He thinks he shall soon be well again; poor fellow. I do not know when I felt so much for a sick man. There is a sorry look upon every one's countenance. The men show more feeling for him than I supposed many of them capable of. Should he die may God sanctify his death to the good of us all, especially his brother whom he loved so much, and whom he was trying to help avoid. The "Master at arms" stole the liquor from the "Spirit room" and gave it to the men. Little thought he of the results of his transgressions.

April 7. Hilman is very sick, though his courage is good. When I told him that I thought he could not live, he was surprised, and it was not without much talk that I got him to make his will. He, of course, gave all he had to his brother. It grieves him to see his brother in chains. The brother shed tears when I told him that John could not live long. He does not seem to have a very sensitive heart. I have used warm whisky and water fomentations on his bowells today. There is great swelling, but what is unfavorable, there is no pain in the lower part of the abdomen on pressure; he vomits dark green matter, has hiccough, looks "sunken" around the eyes, &c. Capt. B. took Heeney's testimony as to his previous life. He tells a good story, and admits that he has been locked up in Italien for the night three times for drunkness. He is a hard boy; but I think it was B's own sword and not Heeney's blunt knife that stabbed the Capt's leg. I think Capt B. cut his own cord and rest, to make the case the more highly fel-

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and then talks of his "charmed life". I can not forget his threatening to report me to Commodore. Cowardly villain and murderer. But who if this book should fall into his hands. He will see no lies if it does. We spied a gun today and brought to a Bremen bark, from N.Y. to Havana. Capt. informed us that Charleston was taken. Now I am anxious to hear from Juniata, for I suppose he was in the fight. "Dodo" was the name of the bark. He sent us some potatoes and carrots. Good fellow.

Observation placed us, at noon, in Lat. 34° 24 & Long. 73° 47'. I saw, today, for the first time a large whale in the ocean. He left a wake behind him almost as large as that from our bark.

The "master-at-arms" denies that he ever gave any liquor to the men, but the sick man says so, and several others say so too. He is arrested. We have had a calm most all day. At night there is a little breeze. I think we may get in tomorrow.

Apr. 8. It is now five months since I reported to Capt B. for duty on board this unfortunate bark; and few are the happy hours I have spent in her. I doubt if I ever come out in her again. I hope she will go out of Commission. I hoped to get some sleep last night, but was disappointed. We had the very best night I ever saw. There was a general smashing of all things breakable. Our house creaked and screeched as if much hurt. The wind would blow hard from one direction for a while, then shift and make a coming sea. Though she shipped less water than last night in a calm, when it came over the bows and near filled my room — no not so bad — it wet it badly, by coming into the partly opened windows.

Poor Helman is much the same, though I think he is failing. He had a very strong constitution, or he would have sunk ere this. He tells me that he has not seen his father and mother for 8 years. They moved to New Zealand

last year, when his father sent to a newspaper. He still thinks he shall get over it. Oh! that he might. His brother is with him all the time, day and it makes him sad to see his brother in such a condition, and asks why he is in pain. We are having another awful rough day. A schooner came up to us just at dusk and wanted to know when Cape Henry bore and how far. Capt. B. said N.W. 25 miles. Hermann was, Heavy, from Halifax to Baltimore. We kept [illegible] a while and then (7 P.M.) stood off shore for the night. What a dismal cruise we are having! I would ask for a discharge from service rather than come on another such time. Capt. B. has a peculiar faculty of making every one unhappy that is obliged to be near him. If he sees any one taking comfort, he seems to dislike it, and gives an order that may tend to break up a jolly talk in the ward room. He is an [illegible] but an agreeable man, that he is.

No wonder his wife should wish to get a divorce from him. I pity Miss Glenart, of whom he talks so much, if she ever marries such a man as he is. Poor Hillman asks to see Capt. Brown. But Capt. B. says: "I should like very much to see him; but would it be [illegible] for me to go down and see him?" I said: "I know of no reason that could come from it." The fact is he is too much of a coward to look in the face of the man he cowardly shot. He talks of courage — how he would not run for the "Merrimac" &c, but shows his spunk in curious ways, such as punishing his black boy by cuffing his ears, calling his steward d—d liar &c. &c. But enough.

April 7. Stormy, rough and dismal. We have been beating off and on all day. Not safe to go near enough to see land in such a dark storm. We are again disappointed in not getting in. We do not know when we all. We saw two schooners this morning.

Poor Hilman is about the same. He has good courage still, and even laughs sometimes. There is not as much swelling of the bowels, pulse 104; and seems in some respects better than yesterday. I dare not hope, and yet I cannot help it. He has passed more blood today by stool. This is not strange. He again asks about seeing Capt Browne. I give him hardly any medicine. He takes a little wine and eggs, and a very little green corn pudding. I can do nothing better now than to keep up his strength and trust to nature, who knows her resources. The storm rages this evening as hard as ever. I go to bed sad and dreary.

Apr. 10. Stormy, still stormy, rough and still rougher. The sun came out at noon so they got an observation which showed that we were a long way to south of our destined harbour. This is almost discouraging; and a head wind too. I care little with any care if it is so rough. Another little bird paid us a visit today. I hope it is not another indication that we are to get on the shoals. My patient is better I think. He has passed no blood with stools today. He takes much wine and eggs. I must confess to a hope in his recovery. He has good courage. He still enquires for Capt. Browne, who has not been seen since he was injured.

There are several sails in sight, apparently bound in as we are. One gunboat has gone in. So another gloomy day has passed; though we have some hope for the sun set clear, and the barometer goes up very fast; though the wind blows more freshly if possible. So to all — Good night.

Apr. 11. How pleasant to see the sunshine this morning. We have still a head wind to beat against, and a rough sea. All look cheerful nevertheless. 12 o'clock observation showed that we were

While coming in to day we met the Cahela Island going out. She hoisted her number which She answered by hoisting ours; when she came back and gave us our mail — saying the "Merrimac" was down yesterday, and that there had been a great battle. West. I was fortunate enough to get a letter from home and one from Anna. How glad was I to hear from them. My patient is losing strength fast. The diarrhoea continues. Capt. B. "deined" (dined) to go and see him this afternoon. I hope to get him into the Hospital tomorrow. Bronne is wound up tight blowing as usual and threatening to give the men "particular hell." Oh for a lodge in some vast Wilderness.

Apr. 18. Fine morning. We got nearly up to Hilton Head's Light boat say 3 or 4 miles from Ft. Monroe. There are hundreds of sail in sight. They seem to have changed their situation since we came here before on account of the Merrimac. Capt. B. was out at 3 or 4 this morning and was blowing of the pilot's fingers and telling them that they must come to where we went out to sea again. So he lies in bed till 8 or 9 this morning, when the tide would carry us right. We see many schooners getting out of the Roads, while the tide turns. At about 10½ A.M. We go up anchor and sail gaily up past the light boat and sounded signal and came to anchor near the Flag ship. We see several large Steamers here — "Vanderbilt", "Arago", "Circassian" &c. Which, it is said, is intending of running down the Merrimac. The Vanderbilt being filled with solid oak for 30 feet and cased with iron outside. It seems a pity to sacrifice such noble steamers, but better to do that than have her sink our frigates. In the distance is the "Rip Raps" and a small "Martello Battery" with one gun only — a 100 lb pivot which shots only in one direction —

is ahead. The guns Lincoln down to be loaded. There more than 20 war vessels here now. The big guns, Lincoln and Union are surrounded with sand (batteries) head works. We came to anchor at about 10 P.M. And after dinner we went — Capt B. & Dr. — on board the "Minnesota". I was sorry to find that we could not get Hilyard into the Hospital ship as it was full of the men wounded by the Merrimac. We are at once ordered to Baltimore. Com. Goldsborough had no time to attend to reports or requisitions or what B. styles nonsense. We hailed a pilot boat and took a pilot for Baltimore. Went on slow where we waited till near dark when we had the tide against us as also the wind. We were obliged to get a tug to take us up to our berth. Capt B. had passed the word as we went by our ship to the Ft. to be in readiness when he returned — accordingly the sails were loosed. But we shall

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now wait till morning for a rifled gun there is here for us. Capt. B. had so much planning to do that my patience was exhausted ere we got started to come off today. We took the pilot with us. We have a fine wind for Baltimore and we could have made use of it if Capt B. had been so disposed — but he cares nothing for the interests of his employees — the country. I mean to try to get out of this thing, I do not wish to go to sea with that man again. He made me wear my sword today because he did. I enquired on board the Minnesota if it was customary for surgeons going to see the Fleet Surgeon to wear side arms and was told that I was the first surgeon that had ever worn his side arms on board the Minnesota. So much for obeying old B.'s wishes. This is like him. I wish he and H. could exchange situations, for the latter is much the best man. But I fear he can not

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A fine & morning clear and beautiful. We want to set our sails & ponder and hear we shall be off. A boat or schooner is going out to get away from the "Merrimac" in case she comes down. We have heard the heavy firing off from the large steamers all night. They are expected to have this afternoon at high tide. The tug that brought us up yesterday from the Fl. came along side with the schooner that had our gun. Soon the Commodore sent a tug with orders to tug us out anyway. We got up anchor and started down, the tug on one side and the schooner on the other with a tug also. In a few minutes we had got the gun and gun carriage on board and then the schooner was tugged back while the other tug took us down by the light ship and we spread sails and she left us. We looked back for the "Merrimac" but she had not made her appearance when we went out of sight. We have had a fine sail up the Chesapeake today. We started at 10 A.M. and got 5 or 6 P.M. were passing the mouth of the Potomac river — where we are now at 10 P.M. I cannot say. There are some 20 or more schooners coming up with us or rather a few miles behind us. We sail well today, being before the wind, and having passed several sail during the day. Whole fleets of oyster boats were seen away off to the left as we were coming up. And we have heard very heavy and continued firing in the direction of Yorktown, where Gen. McClellan is. There must have been some heavy guns there. We have had a fine day today. It is Dickinson's birth day and he has treated us all on a large cake, sent from his home in N.Y. and preserved ginger and champagne. Capt. B. and the Dr. had another spat of a discussion to enliven the scene. He maintained that no line could be perpendicular except it was perpendicular to the horizon. While I say a line or surface is perpendicular to another a line or surface when it meets it at right angles." (Webster)

he roared hot and contradicted me short and blunt and I followed the example and in a way he is not accustomed to on board this ship — for he has every thing his way and will not allow any one to have an opinion contrary to his. He says: "Now I be G—d d—d if it is not so and so" I said "you may be damned for all I care, but it is not so." I am ashamed of myself that I ever showed that man any respect. He is very jolly over his Parrot gun, while the man he shot while under ligner and arrest is dying as it were. For the discharges from the howels, instead of coming out the natural way came, in part, from the wound in the back, causing a bad smell below deck. I have now upon the "sick list" this Wilman, his brother, and 3 cases of erysipelas, one of inflamation of knee, one of smashed hand, one of seven cuts on the arm, one of spitting blood and some fevs. I think we will call this the hospital ship. Capt. B tell what he will do when he get back to Wilmington as if he was sure of going there. Good night.

Tuesday. Nice day we have had — though it has been overcast a part of the time, and we have not had much wind. We anchored when the tide was against us. Got a little wind this afternoon and at sunset were opposite Annapolis. We have been firing off on the Potomac today, where it was impossible to tell. The bay is studded with sails today — some get a breeze on one side of it and go ahead of us — then we get one and go ahead of them — a fitful thing is the wind. There are a plenty of oyster boats along shore and I took a boat and went off and bought a bushel of fine ones; from which we had a good supper. The steeple of the State house of Annapolis looms up beautifully. There are some fine looking places on the shore of the Chesapeake — the green undulating fields look inviting. I wish Uncle Sam would give me a farm along here, I would turn farmer again and let pills and bandages alone. Don't U. S. would you go west?

Poor Hilman is growing weaker and I think he may not last long. Browne is moody and unhappy today — at least he is — he takes so much delight in making others so. He accuses me of sympathy with what he calls mutineers, because I saw fit to have William Hilman put in the sick bay — his irons being off. If he man was very sick and the chains were troublesome to him. B. thought I should put his foot irons on. He will learn that a Dr. — the navy has some say about some things. I have eight persons upon the list today. We shall be nearly up to Baltimore in the Morning, for we are going 4 or 5 knots and yet it is so smooth it seems as if the fork was asleep — as I shall soon be. If all sailing were like this there would be few good sailors — or rather any one could be a sailor. We look with anxiety for the news from Yorktown & this war might cease, then I would go home and settle down and have a home to call my own if I could pay for it — there is the rub.

Apr. 16. We came to anchor here in the beautiful harbour of Baltimore at 2 o'clock this morning, when the pilot went on shore to his home, and the boat brought back the intelligence that Ft. Pulaski is taken. A telegram from Washington says: "send on a list of your sick immediately and do not go from port till ordered from here." Whether this means a change is uncertain. The carpenters have been onboard to see what we need to have done. I went onboard the Receiving ship "Alleghany" and found that I could send Hilman to the Infirmary, which I did. We carried him in a boat sometimes when four of the men carried him on his cot to the hospital. He was glad to be there, and we all glad to have him there. May best wishes go with him. I walked all the way back and found it a long walk; I got here just too late to see a nice large boat launched. I shall send one of my patients to the Alleghany

and three more I shall try to get discharged from service. I shall then have only 4 or 5 left. We have a decidedly mean crew. I like the looks of Baltimore, what I have seen of it. But my eyes ache and I will stop here.

Apr. 17. One of the finest days I ever saw. The carpenters are at work ironthening out our forecastle for the Paymaster. Poor Hilman died this morning and will be buried tomorrow. His brother feels very bad, yet he does not lay it to heart as I should think he would. He said as I turned away from him that he hoped "Jack" would haunt Capt. Browne. I sent Green on board the receiving ship, one other has got his discharge, four have turned to & the sick list is very small today. Many of the officers have been on shore today and Capt. B. is there still — now near midnight. We officers have drawn up a petition to the Secretary of Navy for a transfer to other ships or to have a new commander appointed for us. All signed it.

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Apr. 18. Capt. B. was arrested yesterday at the instance of the Carpenter, who had got his discharge from ship, and did not get on board till late. The case must be tried by the Navy. Capt. B. took all his officers, except one clerk, on shore to clear him. But as the carpenter did not appear, and as the commissioner said he positively had nothing to do with it, and as only Dickinson and Robinson, master mate, both being courtiers, were called to testify, the honorable acquitted Browne, who feels that he has made a peg. He has not seen the end of it yet. He came on board tonight so drunk that an officer had to help him on board. After the court I went around a little and then returned to ship at noon, other officers came one at a time during the day, except Robinson, who, perhaps, was presented by the same shiner we had at sundown. On account of court we could not bury Hilman today, and had him put in a vault till we have a better opportunity. Browne does not seem inclined to allow any decent funeral at all.

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We have had rain and dirt enough to day — as the carpenters and caulkers are busy at work upon our ship. No orders as to the mutiny have yet arrived from Washington. We intend to ask Capt B. to forward our petition for our or his removal for this end. He may refuse to forward it, all right, we can so state in the letter and then forward it ourselves.

But I am getting to the end of my book again, and I will not extend it as before by adding more paper, but rather send it home by express for my friends to read, who I trust will not lend it around to their outside of their certain families, one my own and another in St Louis. I have not the patience to correct my blunders — and they are legion — and therefore hope those who read would pardon such and correct some of them perhaps. It is a poor scrap book and does not deserve notice — yet my friends will like to read it, I dare say. I hope the next book of notes will be better with reading. Now there to all. Good night.